WORLD SOCCER

JANUARY 1978

The *INTERNATIONAL* Magazine

45p

MEXICO

Back row left to right: De la Torre, Ramos, Cuellar, Cardenas, Gomez, Najera.
Front row: Reyes, Ortega, Rangel, Sanchez, Ayala.

Argentina '78

WILLIE DONACHIE Manchester City

World SOCCER

TOUGH TASK AHEAD FOR GREENWOOD

A NEW YEAR . . . perhaps a new era for English football. The December appointment of Ron Greenwood as manager of England will hopefully herald a new beginning. The last decade was a poor one for the England team, with their failure to qualify for the finals of two World Cups, and those who suggest that the fortunes of the national team have no bearing on the game in this country are talking rubbish.

There is much to be done at all levels in this country and Mr Greenwood's task is not simply one of getting England through to Spain in 1982 or, before that, the European Championship Finals in Rome in 1980.

He must assert his influence, his knowledge and ideas through the various ranks. He will meet opposition but given the power and support the job requires Mr Greenwood can succeed.

Jeff Powell of the Daily Mail wrote: "Rather like the cardinals meeting in the Vatican, the FA executive committee are appointing a spiritual leader." He was right. Greenwood must be more, much more, than just a team manager but his credentials suggest he will succeed.

It was proper that the Football Association should officially appoint Greenwood before selecting a part-time posse to work with him. Mr Greenwood should be instrumental in the selection of that team, which will prove as important as any he fields as the national eleven.

Looking forward to Argentina '78

THE start of the 1978 World Cup Finals in Argentina is now six months away . . . and during that period WORLD SOCCER will bring you the very best coverage of all the sixteen finalists.

The best team in Argentina will be WORLD SOCCER'S with Brian Glanville, Eric Batty, Keir Radnedge, Paul Gardner and photographer Peter Robinson joining the home-based Eric Weil in Buenos Aires.

But before the first match on June 1 we will be spotlighting each country in turn, with analysis of their past achievements and future prospects, detailed profiles of the players who will set the standards for others to follow, plus all the relevant facts and figures.

It is going to be an important year for football and WORLD SOCCER. Avoid disappointment . . . either place a regular order with your newsagent or, better still, take out a subscription. Details can be found in this magazine, or you can telephone our subscription department at Chesham (STD code 02405) 4591 for current rates.

The World Cup is all about international football . . . and WORLD SOCCER is *the* international magazine.

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Front Cover picture
MEXICO — the first in a series of colour team photos we shall be presenting in World Soccer leading up to the Finals starting on June 1.

TUNISIA QUALIFY

TUNISIA beat Egypt 4-1 in Tunis to become the sixteenth country to qualify for the 1978 World Cup Finals in Argentina. Egypt needed a draw to go through but the home side dominated from the start and will now represent Africa in Argentina.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Tunisia	4	3	1	1	7	4	5
Egypt	4	3	0	2	7	11	4
Nigeria	4	1	1	2	5	4	3

All 16 finalists are now known:

Argentina (hosts), West Germany (holders), Brazil, Peru, Tunisia, Mexico, Austria, France, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Poland, Scotland, Spain, Sweden, Iran.

European Championship draw

GROUPS BECOME PRIVATE PARTIES

Members of the Dutch team after they had qualified for the World Cup Finals. Will they get through to the European Championship last eight? From the left: Johan Neeskens, Johan Cruyff, Willie van de Kerkhof, Dusbaba and Wim Suurbier.

by Keir Radnedge

THE CAUSE of international football was done no good whatsoever by the remarkable draw for the 1978-80 European Championship.

The unwieldy format in which three groups comprise five teams and four consist of four nations was unavoidable, I suppose, given that the hosts for the enlarged finals now benefit from a bye — in this case, Italy.

What is unbelievable is the constant repetition of pairings previously repeated time after time in other World Cup and European championship groupings.

Some of the groupings have become private parties, almost. Why shouldn't fans in other countries be allowed to see Yugoslavia, or Spain? Why must the Hungarians and Russians again be thrown together?

I find it hard to believe that the draw was not 'fixed' in some way. On the other hand, it seems to me that if it was tinkered with so as to avoid one group being made up of, say, Malta, Cyprus, Finland and Luxembourg, then the job was bungled.

Anyway, let's consider the groups we have been presented with.

Group one. — England, Northern Ireland, Republic of Ireland, Bulgaria and Denmark.

"We want our backsides kicking if we don't get through this time," said Ron Greenwood on hearing the news. But when you consider that England haven't qualified on actual play for the World Cup Finals since 1962, and haven't reached the last four of the European championship since 1968, is it really going to be that much of a walkover?

After all, the Republic of Ireland took a draw at Wembley 16 months ago, are astutely managed by Johnny Giles and could prove a difficult opponent.

The bigger the group the more the chance of a slip-up, the more likely that one of the minnows will spring a surprise.

The introduction of a semi-professional set-up in Denmark next season will hardly make an immediate impact on their national team, which will continue to rely on foreign-based players such as Allan Simonsen (Borussia Moenchengladbach), Per Roentved (Werder Bremen) and Henning Jensen (Real Madrid). But they could always take a surprise point somewhere, as could unpredictable Northern Ireland.

England's main rivals appear to be Bulgaria. Their failure to qualify for the World Cup Finals plus a host of injury and disciplinary problems has hardly done much for morale, and manager Christo Mladenov may well have been replaced by the time they play England. But England should be warned — it's very difficult to get a result in Sofia, as France and the Republic of Ireland found to their cost in the World Cup qualifiers.

No doubt the Republic are hardly enamoured at the opportunity of going back so soon after the brawl in which four men were sent off. But at least the draw has achieved something the two Ireland associations have failed to do — provided them with a full international for the first time in their separate 55-year history.

Favourites: England.

Group two. — Belgium, Norway, Austria, Scotland, Portugal.

Here controversy straight away — with two World Cup Finalists, Scotland and Austria, drawn into the same group while, for example, there are none in group one!

It's hard to tell how much Austria's qualification for Argentina was owed to their own improvement or the falling-away of East Germany. This group might provide a few answers and also give an indication as to whether Belgium are on a prolonged slide.

Portugal will provide awkward opposition but Norway, Tom Lund apart, shouldn't worry the Austrians or Scots.

Favourites: Scotland.

Group three. — Yugoslavia, Rumania, Spain and Cyprus.

Just to go over recent history, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Spain were of course in the same World Cup qualifying group — with Spain coming out on top. Yugoslavia and Spain were also qualifying rivals in the World Cup in 1974 *and* 1970. In 1974 the Yugoslavs won 1-0 in a play-off, and in 1970 it was Belgium who went through from the group.

Rumania and Spain were partnered in the qualifying round of the last European championship, when Spain went through to the quarter finals.

However this remains possibly the most difficult group to try to forecast. The World Cup results recently prove that. Rumania appeared favourites for a trip to Argentina, then went down to that incredible 6-4 home defeat by the Yugoslavs, who were in turn beaten at home by Spain.

Cyprus won't provide much trouble, but goals totted up against them could be vital in sorting out the eventual group winner.

Favourites: Spain.

Group four. — Holland, Iceland, Poland, East Germany, Switzerland.

More controversy. It's hard to imagine how any sensible seeding system could place the second and third teams from the last World Cup in the same group. But that's what has happened with Holland and Poland.

The East Germans and Swiss look well-balanced also-rans in the group, and Iceland will probably slip back a little further now they have to replace Tony Knapp as manager.

Holland and Poland were paired together in the last European championship qualifiers, and the Dutch went through to finish third. Both nations are shortly entering a state of transition, with the older players who starred in 1974 ready to stand down. The question is: Who has the richer crop of young reserves?

Favourites: Holland.

Group five. — Czechoslovakia, Luxembourg, Sweden and France.

An intriguing group, the second with two World Cup Finalist nations, in Sweden and France. Luxembourg are the obvious whipping boys here, while the Czechoslovaks seem to be at sixes and sevens in their attempts to rebuild a team worthy of defending their European crown.

Sweden will always be difficult opponents, with men such as Ralf Edström possessing the ability to turn a match upside down. However France, with Michel Platini, Dominique Bathenay, Didier Six and a host of other promising newcomers, are the team to watch.

Favourites: France.

Group six. — Russia, Finland, Hungary, Greece.

Russia, Hungary and Greece were of course a group of their own in the World Cup qualifiers, with the Hungarians for once laying the Russian bogy and going on to beat Bolivia and earn a place in Argentina.

It seems to me that Russia and Hungary are always being drawn against each other, but this isn't true. It is fact however that they have come through different groups to face each other several times — such as in the 1966 World Cup quarter finals and the 1972 European championship.

All the same, UEFA could have done better than copy the World Cup pattern.

Favourites: Hungary.

● *Continued on page 44*

Liverpool — super champions of Europe

LIVERPOOL — hardly surprisingly — are the new Super champions of Europe. They mercilessly despatched Hamburg 7-1 on aggregate despite going through a patch when even they were far from their best.

After the glories both clubs enjoyed at the end of last season, Liverpool taking the Champions' Cup, Hamburg the Cup-winners' trophy, it was not unexpected to find both suffering from the anti-climax engendered by the realisation that this was another season and they now had to do it all again.

Liverpool had gone through a spell of five matches without a win before they tackled Hamburg in West Germany in the first leg — and went with the memory of a 3-2 defeat in a friendly before the season began.

That game was part of the Kevin Keegan transfer fee, but since then his fortunes have declined and with Hamburg's elimination from the Cup-winners' Cup he hardly returned to Anfield for the second leg as a conquering hero.

Liverpool's refusal to face Boca Juniors for the world club cup may, they think, have been more than justified by winning the European Supercup. But what kind of competition is it that hasn't even got a trophy yet?

The world club cup has a sordid history, but I can understand its *raison d'etre*. Apart from money, I am still at a loss to see how any importance is ever likely to be accorded the Supercup. Still, Liverpool and Hamburg clearly didn't think that way or, if they did, no one was admitting it.

Ironically, the same weeks they were playing for their mythical award, 16 sides were competing in the third round of the UEFA Cup.

But it's with the Supercup that we begin this month's round-up of the European competitive club scene. The UEFA Cup details can be found on page 44.

The first leg drew a 20,000 crowd to the Volksparkstadion in Hamburg, and with Portugal's Antonio Garrido the referee, the teams were:

Hamburg: Stars — Kaltz — Ripp, Buljan, Eigl — Zaczyk, Memering, Magath — Keegan, Keller, Steffenhagen.

Liverpool: Clemence — Neal, Thompson, Hughes, Jones (Smith 34) — Kennedy, Case (Johnson 58), Dalglish, Callaghan — Heighway, Fairclough.

Sleet and snow made conditions tricky and this, rather than the absence through injury of international goalkeeper Rudi Kargus, probably accounted not only for the generally mediocre quality of the game but the poor attendance.

Hamburg were by now out of the Cup-winners' Cup and the West German Cup and though Keegan played well in the first half, he hadn't been setting the Bundesliga on fire.

For the most part Liverpool were restricted to shots from outside the penalty area, but it was Hamburg who were the quicker to settle, and they went ahead when Ferdi Keller volleyed in after 29 minutes. The chance was set up when Klaus Zaczyk collected a ball the Liverpool defence had failed to clear.

An injury to Joey Jones forced Liverpool to make a substitution and bring on Tommy Smith after 34 minutes, but it was the second substitution, after 58 minutes, which made all the difference.

Manager Bob Paisley sent on the unsettled David Johnson for Jimmy Case, and with Dalglish moving forward to create a four-man front line Liverpool equalised after 65 minutes. Smith started the move, and Dalglish took the ball on to the by-line before crossing to the far post where David Fairclough headed down into the net.

Jürgen Stars got his fingers to the ball, but couldn't stop it going in. Keegan, who missed a late chance to restore Hamburg's lead, said afterwards: "We were pathetic. The last two weeks we have played well, but tonight we were terrible."

Hamburg were knocked out of the West German Cup by Schalke before the second leg, and then slipped to 11th in the league after being held 2-2 at home by Hertha Berlin the weekend before travelling to Anfield.

Keegan — who scored one of Hamburg's goals against Hertha — arrived apparently more concerned about the reception he would receive from the Liverpool Kop than the outcome of the Supercup contest. In the event he received a splendid welcome, but his new team were turned upside down.

The referee was Sweden's Ulf Ericsson, the attendance 34,931, and the teams:

Liverpool: Clemence — Neal, Thompson, Hughes, Smith — McDermott, Dalglish, Kennedy, Case — Fairclough, Heighway.

Hamburg: Kargus — Ripp, Kaltz, Hidien, Nogly — Bertl, Keegan, Zaczyk (Eigl, 58), Magath — Keller (Steffenhagen 58), Volkert.

After the initial enthusiasm for Keegan's return to the ground where he achieved so much, the match turned into a Liverpool benefit night. Hamburg saw a lot of the play in the first half, but lacked the incisive forward play which eventually created such a vast gap between the teams.

Terry McDermott, who scored Liverpool's first goal against Borussia Moenchengladbach in Rome but had been out of the team until a few matches before, was the hero, scoring a hat-trick. The other goals came from Phil Thompson — also struggling to re-establish himself after knee trouble — David Fairclough and Ken Dalglish.

After only three minutes McDermott and Steve Heighway could each have put the European champions ahead, but it wasn't until the 21st that Thompson turned on an inswinging corner from Heighway to shoot Liverpool into the lead both in the second leg and on aggregate.

Five minutes before half-time McDermott struck for the first time. Ray Kennedy chipped a pass through, and McDermott chested it down before striking a left-foot drive beyond Kargus.

Ten minutes after the break he scored with a right-footer and just 60 seconds later turned in an angled shot after Phil Neal cut out a pass from Manfred Kaltz and Kennedy moved the ball on.

There was no doubt who was in command and Hamburg were fortunate not to concede more goals in the next few minutes. Finally, in the last four minutes, Liverpool struck twice more just to emphasise their superiority.

First David Fairclough brilliantly headed in a Jimmy Case cross for his sixth goal in six games — then Dalglish made it six in the 88th minute after a goalmouth scramble.

There may not yet be a Supercup trophy — no one has quite decided whether the 'competition' is here to stay. But Liverpool were most deserved winners of the gold medals their players received.

And Keegan? He was left to reflect that perhaps money isn't everything. He would surely have swapped a portion of his £85,000 contract for the kind of support and atmosphere surviving at Anfield.

Past results in the Supercup:

1972 — Ajax 3, Glasgow Rangers 1 — Rangers 2, Ajax 3. (Ajax 6-3 on agg).
1973 — Milan 1, Ajax 0 — Ajax 6, Milan 0. (Ajax 6-1 on agg).
1974 — Not contested.
1975 — Bayern Munich 0, Dynamo Kiev 1 — Kiev 2, Bayern 0. (Kiev 3-0 on agg).
1976 — Bayern 2, Anderlecht 1 — Anderlecht 4, Bayern 1. (Anderlecht 5-3 on agg).
1977 — Hamburg 1, Liverpool 1 — Liverpool 6, Hamburg 0. (Liverpool 7-1 on agg).

ERIC WEIL
World Soccer's chief South American correspondent talks to

CESAR LUIS MENOTTI

Team manager of Argentina

'We can w good attac

TALKING to Cesar Luis Menotti, the 38-year-old coach of Argentina's national soccer team, may not be very enlightening these days, because you either get the impression that you've heard it all before or that some time back he had different ideas.

Menotti is the most criticised and most interviewed man in Argentina today together with economy minister Jorge Martinez de Hoz — which is merely proof that soccer and the country's economic crisis carry equal interest for the man in the street. Menotti rarely refuses to open his mind to any reporter asking for an interview, yet he has often been misquoted. But when you are asked the same questions week after week it is difficult to give exactly the same answers every time . . . and in three years you are entitled to change your mind.

I talked to the lanky coach three years almost to the day after he took over the national team for a match against Spain here in October 12, 1974. Since then the team has played 32 full international games, winning 18, drawing seven and losing seven with a 64-33 goals record — a performance which would satisfy most, but not the majority of Argentina's 25 million population for whom soccer is almost a religion and the national team a special "club" which must win every time.

Menotti's contract with the Argentine Football Association runs until after the World Cup and he is already the longest serving regular national team coach in the country's 47 years of professional soccer. He was about to leave on a two-months trip to Europe to see probable World Cup rivals in action and watch Argentine players with European clubs who he may ask to join the squad.

Is he satisfied with what he has achieved in these three years?

In spite of all the setbacks he seemed as keen as ever to create a new image for Argentine soccer. The setbacks include the frequent difficulties of getting the squad together for training because of club commitments in the excessively long Argentine league season, shortage of international fixtures, the loss of key players sold to foreign clubs and the fact that he wants his team to play attacking soccer with players drawn from clubs which week after week play defensive and destroying tactics in the league.

In spite of his three years in charge

Argentina national coach Cesar Luis Menotti being interviewed in his office at the Argentine Football Association.

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of the team — which he compares to only four months work with a club team under him continuously — he says he has not had enough time, but he hasn't given up.

"When I took on this job I presented my plan for continual work and international games which is the only way to get good results. I even handed the Argentine FA a programme for 1979 although I am sure Menotti will not be in charge then. I remember that in 1962 we lost a World Cup with a coach (Juan Carlos Lorenzo) who we kicked out afterwards and four years later we called him back to put him in charge of the team only three months before another World Cup. Without wishing to discuss the capacity of this person, I think we made him lose at least two years work," Menotti says.

"In three years," he added, "I have had time to look for good individual players and try out as many as possible so as to be left with no doubts. This has however only been partly accomplished. I would have liked to select my final team at the beginning of the year (1977), but this was not possible because we were unable to arrange a tour during the second part of 1976 and because a lot of my players were transferred to foreign clubs."

Critics

"I think I have 15 players already and I'm sure there are no better ones in their positions in the country. But that means that I may still be short 60 per cent of my final team — something the critics should remember. I must have the final 22 when we start the final training stage on February 22."

On his European trip — he left on October 9 — Menotti intended to watch defender Enrique Wolff (with Real de Madrid), half Osvaldo Piazza (St Etienne) and forward Mario Kempes (Valencia) and others, but he is mainly interested in adding these three to his squad. But he insists they must be back in Buenos Aires at least 60 days before the start of the World Cup — except for Kempes who he knows well and who could be fitted into the team 30 days before the first game.

"If this is not possible," says Menotti, "we will have to make do with the players available at home who have quite a good account of themselves in the series of home international games during the middle of the year against leading European sides (including Scotland and England) . . . in spite of what everybody says."

This series of games showed Argentina to be weak in defence (specially in the air), slow in midfield transportation and shot shy up front, but Menotti says that although his team could be meeting some of the same rivals again in next year's World Cup finals, he does not expect them to play the same way or be so hard to beat. World Cup finalists, he said, will not come here to defend with seven or eight men as the fixture system does not permit teams to play to avoid defeat if they want to advance in the competition. Critics also tend to forget, he added, that a national team, specially one preparing for a World Cup and trying out players and tactics, is not under the same obligation to win every match as a club in a competition where every point counts.

Argentina beat Poland 3-1, lost to World Cup holders West Germany 1-3, drew 1-1 with both England and Scotland, drew 0-0 with France and beat Yugoslavia 1-0 and East Germany 2-0. (Four of these countries had reached the World Cup finals at the time of writing). Yet almost the same squad seemed to have done a lot better on tour in 1976 when they beat Poland and the Soviet Union in climatic conditions totally unsuitable to them.

"Apart from the continual pressure on players when they play at home, it isn't easy to explain," says Menotti. "A number of players did a lot better last year, but now many have problems at their clubs and there is the example of the four Huracan players with the squad (goalkeeper Balay, defender Carrascosa, half Ardiles and forward Houseman) who week after week are fighting a battle to avoid relegation and when they come to me they are obviously not in the right shape of mind for the attacking soccer I want."

In that case it might have been better if next year's World Cup were played somewhere else?

"No, it will not be the same during the World Cup once the team is settled and can no longer be changed. The pressure (requesting changes) will be off," says Menotti who also pin-points the team's weakness not on any special department but on a matter of equilibrium which they tend to lose when in attack.

Menotti has sometimes been accused of being a bit soft in imposing discipline, but he says: "Whenever there's something wrong, people always want to fix it with more discipline. Discipline means running and hard work and I'm sure there isn't a team in the country which runs more and works harder than the national team. There are other teams with other characteristics in Argentina where it is easier to impose discipline.

"If I play four backs and five halves it would be easier, but we can't go into a World Cup with these tactics which are played by most of our league clubs . . . high passes into the goalmouth in the hope that somebody will head them in . . . everybody defend and hope a fast counter attack will catch the opposition unaware.

"I don't want this to be the image of Argentine soccer. With the national team I would like to destroy old theories which are no longer of any use. I would like to show that we can win by playing good attacking soccer."

Menotti is a great admirer of Dutch soccer and such stars as Cruyff who continually cropped up in the conversation. He believes Holland are strong candidates for the next World Cup again, but he does not believe in the supremacy of the European style. He admires Holland's "total football" — there was a time when he said he didn't — which almost won the last World Cup . . . "but I haven't got the players with the physical or mental state for it . . . and never will have here," he says.

"I do want players who are athletes, but I don't want athletes trying to play soccer . . . Now if I had a Cruyff and maybe a couple of other stars from that Dutch team, it would give my team the character it lacks, the leader it badly needs and I would build the team around them, because it would be a mistake and a waste to expect them to mould into the team."

One fundamental difference between Argentine and European players, says Menotti, is that when an Argentine loses the ball "it takes him a minute to realise the game continues." That is his way of overdoing it to drive home his point. Argentines may play fast, but sometimes do not think fast enough.

He also says that even if a coach picks the right players, it is only 20 per cent of the job. The rest is up to the players once the match starts. During a match the coach can do no more than 5 per cent towards success ". . . and the coach who says otherwise is a liar."

'MISSION IMPOSSIBLE' SUCCEEDS!

by LESLIE VERNON

TWO YEARS ago it looked like a 'mission impossible', but in the end, Hungary finished-off the job of qualifying for the World Cup Finals in masterly fashion.

Drawn with 'bogey-team' Russia, and the volatile Greeks, the European half of the campaign seemed difficult enough, but when the proviso was added that the winners must face a South American team as well, the task became truly formidable. The rest is history — to coin a cliché — and the journey which started in Athens, was rounded-off in La Paz four thousand feet above sea-level.

After an arduous 30 hours' plane trip, the Hungarian party settled down in Lima, Peru, for three days to prepare for the game against Bolivia. But eventually, they had to brave the unusual climate of that city, and fortunately, only the journalist accompanying the squad felt the effects of the thin air and lack of oxygen.

Nyilasi, badly injured, couldn't make the trip, so young Halasz continued at mid-field. In front of 55,000 people, Bolivia dominated the opening exchanges and Istvan Kocsis was shown the yellow card by the Dutch referee, Corver, in the 12th minute. (Amazingly he was "booked" again in the second half for time-wasting!)

Then in the 38th minute, Hungary took the lead. A Fazekas-Halasz move gave Torocsik the chance to slip two defenders and score from 10 yards ("with fantastic coolness" — says Nepsport). Five minutes later, the Dozsa forward returned the compliment by tricking Villalon and putting the ball on-a-plate for Halasz to score.

Aragones made it 1-2 from a penalty with the last kick of the first-half, and the same player got a curious goal in the 92nd minute. In between, a Pusztai shot was deflected into the net by Dellano for a final score of 3-2 to the Magyars.

After the match, these remarks came filtering out from a jubilant Hungarian dressing room. Istvan Kutas, President of the F.A.: "Our new administration put qualification for the World Cup on top of our priorities. But there is no time to rest on our laurels, we have a great deal of work to do before the Finals."

Lajos Baroti: "I am delighted because our victory here will act as a warning for other teams. With a reasonable draw, we could do well in Argentina." Argentina 1978 will be Hungary's seventh appearance in the Finals, and these are the players who put them there.

Goalkeepers: Sandor Gujdar (26 years old, Honved). After a difficult time, he established himself in the national team. Reliable rather than brilliant. Ferenc Meszaros (27, Vasas). Used to be the Playboy of the Eastern World, but now, for the umpteenth time, seems to be a reformed character. Could be (and should be) an automatic choice.

Defenders: Peter Torok (26, Vasas). An excellent attacking full-back. Can play at mid-field. Gyozo Martos (28, Ferencvaros). An unexpected choice, but he has done remarkably well in the national team. Laszlo Balint (29, Ferencvaros). After years as the skipper, and "the class defender" of the team, this strong-tackling, experienced player is now only second choice. But he is still a valued member of the squad.

Istvan Kocsis (28, Honved). Joined the Army club from Pecs, and after the initial period of readjustment, settled down well as a conventional centre-back for club and country. Zoltan Kereki (24, Haladas). One of the few provincials in the squad, this enterprising sweeper scored several invaluable goals for the national team. Jozsef Toth (26, Ujpest Dozsa). This tough-guy defender joined Dozsa from Pecs as a replacement for another 'uncompromising' player, Peter Juhasz, a good, old-fashioned full-back.

Midfield: Istvan Halasz (26, Tatabanya). Was called in against Czechoslovakia a few weeks ago and scored! Another goal in La Paz in his second appearance seems to assure his continued presence in the squad. Sandor Pinter (27, Honved). Perhaps the best footballer in Hungary today, or more correctly, the most effective. He runs non-stop for 90 minutes to good purpose. Sandor Zombori (26, Vasas). Yet another ex-Pecs 'star' who left his hometown when the club was relegated. An above-average attacking linkman.

Tibor Rab (22, Ferencvaros). Used to be a sweeper, but now he is back in the midfield. Very talented, but injuries have delayed his progress. Tibor Nyilasi (22, Ferencvaros). This mercurial, brilliant footballer is still young enough to fulfil the promise which was so apparent a couple of seasons ago. Then came the head injury against Dresden and other niggling problems. Andras Toth (28, Ujpest Dozsa). The best kicker of a dead-ball in Hungary, and the scorer of a hatful of goals from free kicks. This left-sided midfielder is on the fringe of the current team, but a certainty for the travelling "22".

Forwards: Laszlo Fazekas (30, Ujpest Dozsa). Nearing his 70th appearance, he is the skipper of the side. A brilliant ball-player, who can operate in any position with equal efficiency. Andras Torocsik (22, Ujpest Dozsa). He could be the sensation of the World Cup or a complete flop. Masses of talent, but lacks application. Still, when he realizes what it's all about, he'll be a great player.

Bela Varadi (24, Vasas). Past indiscretions forgotten, he is now a very effective member of the squad. Scored over 30 goals last season for his club. Laszlo Nagy (28, Ujpest Dozsa). Used to be the jolly-joker of the team, but has now settled down on the left side of the attack. An excellent understudy to Varadi. Laszlo Pusztai (31, Ferencvaros). Still a fast, dangerous winger, he is often used as a substitute by Baroti to pose fresh problems for defences.

Well, it is not a young squad, but as most of the players are in their middle twenties, one could say that they are ideally suited to do well in a major competition where experience counts for a great deal. Of course, nothing is finalized yet. Baroti is not a sentimentalist, no one will be selected for services rendered. In any case, the next six months will be an interesting period in the history of Hungarian football!

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Rangers pull clear

by Alan Campbell

THE first Saturday in December saw the decimation of all but four of the scheduled fixtures in the Scottish league programme, as the freezing conditions rendered grounds all over the country unplayable. Sadly, the weather was only reflecting the prospects that face the supporters over the forthcoming winter — a stark league programme, as frozen of any real excitement, skill and competition as any in recent years.

Already, with the leagues still not at the half-way stage, the challenge to this year's top club, Rangers, has faded fast. Although it is premature to make predictions before knowing the results of the vital New Year matches — when three games are played in five days — Rangers had established such a commanding position by the end of November that very few bookies would accept money on them regaining the title from Celtic.

Rangers, it must be said, have one of their better teams in recent years. Like Celtic they are able to continually cream off the best talent from their rivals, and in buying Gordon Smith from Kilmarnock for £65,000 they made what appears an outstanding purchase. Despite a lean period in November, he led the Scottish goalscorers at the start of December. The £100,000 Davie Cooper from Clydebank has not yet produced his full potential at Ibrox, but Bobby Russell who was playing junior football earlier this year, has turned in some performances which have even had some critics comparing him with the young Jim Baxter.

Despite their domestic form, the true yardstick of Rangers' capabilities lies in European competition, and here, like the other three Scottish clubs involved, it was demonstrated just how much Scottish league teams have declined over the past five years. At Ibrox the Dutch Twente Enschede proved themselves to be tactically years ahead of the Glasgow side, easily holding them to a 0-0 draw — and then winning 3-0 in Holland.

If Rangers do not compare with the best in Europe, it says little for the rest of Scotland that Rangers are dominating the Premier Division. The disturbing pattern this season has been the demise of the other "establishment" sides in Scotland. Celtic — minus Dalglish and, through injury, Danny MacGrain, Pat Stanton and Alfie Conn — will doubtless rise again once their problems have eased, but nine points adrift of Rangers at the start of December, they can only rely on their old rivals faltering badly if they are to even challenge for their championship.

But what of Hibs? With only humble Clydebank below them, the Easter Road men seem to be in very real danger of joining fellow Edinburgh side Hearts in the First Division next season. Morale — and relations with the press and public — has never been lower at Easter Road, and attempts to get an interview with director/owner Tom Hart or manager Eddie Turnbull are met with a none too polite refusal by the club secretary or one of his minions.

Disillusionment has set in amongst the support — not helped by the transfer of John Blackley to Newcastle — and many feel that only changes at the very top will halt the slide into the lower division. With fewer full-time teams in Scotland than ever that would be a further blow to the Scottish game. Aberdeen and Dundee United, after sprint starts, have fallen away badly following poor European results.

The only real bright spot for Scottish observers this season has been the form of part-time Partick Thistle — second to Rangers early in December — and the quick consolidation of St Mirren as a Premier Division team after their runaway promotion last season. Whilst Partick, with their limited resources, are unlikely to emerge as champions, Alex Ferguson's Paisley side could finish in the top three this season and make a real challenge next year.

Ferguson, one of the more approachable characters in Scottish football, was undismayed by his side's aggregate 3-2 defeat from Bristol City in the final of the Anglo-Scottish Cup. That Bristol, never far from the bottom of the English First Division since their promotion should beat three Scottish clubs is itself a condemnation of the leading Premier league teams, but Ferguson refuses to see it as a true reflection on his young side:

"We lost the important game at Love Street because of the lack of atmosphere and the heavy conditions," he said (the match was played during a monsoon November spell in the West of Scotland). "I agree the English teams are stronger and more organised than ours, and they also have an air of arrogance which helps them when they come up here. But Bristol certainly had no more natural ability than us, and of the team that played us in Paisley I would only really fancy Geoff Merrick in our side."

Ferguson made the valid point that his team's progress this season had not been helped in that by the end of November St Mirren had already clocked up 30 matches — more than any other side in Britain. With midweek commitments now behind them Ferguson expects to move up from the mid-table position St Mirren have been occupying this season. With outstanding young players such as Reid, Richardson, Stark and MacGarvey, St Mirren have the ability to win a place in Europe next season; if they do Ferguson expects them to do well:

"You need pace to compete in Europe, and St Mirren have more pace than any other Scottish club. We would need to sign a couple of experienced players, but this is an ambitious club and our finances have been strengthened over the past two years." And on the thorny Scottish dilemma of losing their best talent to England, nobody in the country is better equipped or more determined than Alex Ferguson not to sell — but only time will tell if resolve and ambition are enough.

Limelight for Forfar

THE weather at least gave tiny Forfar Athletic — average home attendance 500 — a prolonged spell in the Scottish limelight. After reaching the semi-finals of the League Cup for the first time in their history, they stay there until next March as the semis have been postponed until the arrival of more suitable weather.

For Forfar, who normally occupy the bottom half of the Scottish second division and have never won anything in their history, it is a dizzy success. They were drawn against Rangers in the semi-final, and now the postponement adds impetus to their second division campaign where they are also going unprecedentedly well. Player manager Archie Knox deserves the credit for this transformation and the "Loons" — as Forfar are known — are said to be eagerly anticipating a visit from Barcelona or Inter Milan when they win the Cup! The other semi-final, also postponed until March, is between Celtic and Hearts.

UNSEEDED SCOTLAND

MEANWHILE, if the Scottish club scene is in distress, the continued success of the national side helps to ease the winter chill for Scottish supporters. Scotland manager Ally MacLeod and SFA secretary Ernie Walker returned from Argentina at the beginning of December bearing glad tidings about the stadia and grounds designated for the World Cup Finals. Despite worries about other aspects of holding the finals in the Argentine, both MacLeod and Walker said they would be happy to play at any of the venues they saw.

The Scottish duo came back to the news that Scotland had not been seeded for the 1980 European Championship – a source of some indignation amongst supporters, particularly as England were seeded and appear to have got an easy draw. But perhaps it is indicative of Scotland's growing confidence in the national arena that secretary Walker was unperturbed by the section groupings.

"We know that UEFA base their opinions on previous European championships, and on that basis we could not expect to be seeded," he said. "We have been drawn in a difficult section, but we're quite happy about that – in a competitive section you don't have the situation where one bad result, in, say Belgium, knocks you out of the competition. And if we're good enough we'll qualify."

England to beat Italy

European Under 21 Championship

by ERIC BATTY

THE last qualifying game to be staged was the Spain-Yugoslavia match but with the Yugoslavs already having taken maximum points from their first three games, they had already qualified before the ball was kicked.

It is very strange that in several groups, the key contestants in the World Cup qualifying campaign were drawn together in the same Under 21 groups, and the results were quite the opposite to those in the senior competition.

East Germany, for example, were in at Under 21 level with precisely the same World Cup opponents, and while they failed to reach Argentina, they romped home at Under 21 level against Austria and Turkey, winning by three clear points and a goals difference of 10.

Bulgaria also qualified in the European competition in a group with France who eliminated them from the World Cup. But at Under 21 level the Bulgarians qualified with four points in hand, while the French failed to win even one game.

Czechoslovakia and Scotland were another pair of World Cup protagonists drawn together in the Under 21 competition, and again the Czechs reversed the situation, albeit by goals difference. In the critical game, the Czechs had the considerable help of their full team captain, Anton Ondrus in the heart of their defence — suspended from the World Cup after being sent off with Andy Gray in the first World Cup clash in Prague.

Scotland took three points from the Czechs but went down 2-0 away to Switzerland, while the Czechs won by the same margin away to the Swiss to level the points.

Yet another World Cup group to be reversed was Group 7 where the competitors were precisely the same as in the World Cup. Spain reached Argentina, but Yugoslavia ousted them from the Under 21 series, quite comprehensively.

The only World Cup group to produce the same result was in the Under 21 Group 8 where, as in the World Cup, Hungary, Greece and the U.S.S.R. were again put together. Hungary won the Under 21 group too, hammering Greece at home by 7-0 and taking three points from their bogey team, the Russians.

Eire, Northern Ireland and Wales from the British Isles, all declined to enter and thus, while Scotland are the only team with tickets for Argentina, England are the only team that qualified for the Under 21 competition.

Significantly, neither West Germany nor Holland entered the junior series either — the Germans, I imagine, because they prefer to pick their own opponents for B matches and games at other levels, while Holland declined to enter because I suspect they haven't a good enough team to carry their flag, though perhaps I mis-judge them.

For the next series, almost everyone wants in, a total of 96 countries so far including all the five countries in the British Isles, and the West Germans and Dutch. The Japanese want to stage the tournament, and everyone in Europe has entered except Leichtenstein.

To me, one of the most significant points to emerge from the Under 21 competition so far is that five of the eight qualifiers come from Eastern Europe. This suggests that several countries there are on the upgrade, though there is still a big hurdle before them because the gap between Under 21 level and the real top class is so great.

Russia for example have really put themselves out in the last few years, doing well in the UEFA Youth tournaments, and also all but dominating the first Coca Cola competition. Several of the young men who played so well for them in Tunisia have already found their way into the game at First Division level.

It is at this stage in the development of players that England have always had an edge, and this applies equally to the UEFA Youth Tournament since they changed the rules to allow young professionals to play.

At Under 18 level, almost every player to turn out for England is with a club in the Football League, and when one steps up to the Under 21 class, they look to me to be unbeatable.

Now we have reached the quarter final stage. England face Italy. So far the Italians have fielded players that are unknown outside Italy; young men like Fabrizio Rossi and Bruno Giordano. So far their two 'experienced' players have been goalkeeper Paolo Conti of AS Roma and the *libero* Graziano Bini of FC Internazionale (Milano), though they can if they wish go for two even more experienced players against England, and I wouldn't be surprised if they did.

One young man who will be worth watching if his reputation is justified is centre-forward Pietro Virdis who was the leading scorer in Division B last season, and on whom Juventus spent £½ million last summer.

Clearly Italy will be the strongest opposition that England's young men have yet met, but I fancy that England's greater experience, faster pace, and greater ability in the air will see them through. As in the past, England will probably win by converting high crosses into the goalmouth if for no other reason, than because, at Under 21 level, the foreign youngsters, by and large, haven't yet learned to cope with it.

With Hungary much improved and qualified for the World Cup under Lajos Baroti, their 'A' team players are on the young side, plus a smattering of experience. But they are young because Baroti wanted young men for his full team, players that had not yet been tainted with the complacent malaise of the Hungarian game. I fancy he has had a lot to do with the development of their Under 21 team too, and though I fancy a look at the Italians, Hungary and East Germany are the continental sides that look most interesting to me.

As usual, the 'draw' made by UEFA, has the look of an arrangement rather than a first out of the hat draw. But in this case, with home and away ties to be played by April 10 next, the pairings are fair.

The five Eastern countries are at a tremendous disadvantage as this quarter final stage, for at the time of the first legs, most of their players will not have kicked a league ball for more than three months. So it is fair that four of them be brought together, to ensure that at least two semi finalists are from Eastern Europe.

Although usually very willing to chance my arm on predictions with draws of this kind, I decline now because the only continental Under 21 teams I saw in the preliminary competition have been eliminated so that I haven't even seen the Italians or the Czechs.

Quarter final draw

Czechoslovakia v East Germany
Yugoslavia v Hungary
Denmark v Bulgaria
England v Italy

EUROPEAN UNDER 21 CHAMPIONSHIP QUALIFIERS

First Round results

Group 1 . . . DENMARK

Denmark-Sweden 2-0; Denmark-Poland 6-2; Sweden-Poland 2-0; Sweden-Denmark 2-2; Poland-Denmark 1-0; Poland-Sweden 4-2.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
DENMARK	4	2	1	1	10	5	5
Poland	4	2	0	2	7	10	4
Sweden	4	1	1	2	6	10	3

GROUP 2 . . . ITALY

Luxembourg-Portugal 1-2; Portugal-Italy 1-0; Italy-Luxembourg 4-0; Italy-Portugal 4-1; Portugal-Luxembourg 3-0; Luxembourg-Italy 1-5.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
ITALY	4	3	0	1	13	3	6
Portugal	4	3	0	1	7	5	6
Luxembourg	4	0	0	4	2	14	0

GROUP 3 . . . EAST GERMANY

Turkey-East Germany 1-1; Austria-Turkey 2-2; Austria-East Germany 1-6; East Germany-Austria 2-1; Turkey-Austria 3-1; East Germany-Turkey 4-0.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
East GERMANY	4	3	1	0	13	3	7
Turkey	4	1	2	1	5	8	4
Austria	4	0	1	3	5	12	1

GROUP 4 . . . BULGARIA

France-Belgium 1-1; France-Bulgaria 1-1; Belgium-France 2-1; Belgium-Bulgaria 0-1; Bulgaria-Belgium 1-0; Bulgaria-France 2-1.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
BULGARIA	4	3	1	0	5	2	7
Belgium	4	1	1	2	3	4	3
France	4	0	2	2	4	6	2

GROUP 5 . . . ENGLAND

Finland-Norway 1-4; Finland-England 0-1; Norway-England 1-2; Norway-Finland 1-0; England-Norway 6-0; England-Finland 8-1.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
ENGLAND	4	4	0	0	17	2	8
Norway	4	2	0	2	6	9	4
Finland	4	0	0	4	2	14	0

GROUP 6 . . . CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Czechoslovakia-Scotland 0-0; Switzerland-Scotland 2-0; Czechoslovakia-Switzerland 4-0; Scotland-Switzerland 3-1; Scotland-Czechoslovakia 2-1; Switzerland-Czechoslovakia 0-2.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
CZECHOSLOVAKIA	4	2	1	1	7	2	5
Scotland	4	2	1	1	5	4	5
Switzerland	4	1	0	3	3	9	2

GROUP 7 . . . YUGOSLAVIA

Yugoslavia-Spain 4-1; Spain-Rumania 3-0; Rumania-Yugoslavia 1-3; Rumania-Spain 4-0; Yugoslavia-Rumania 2-0; Spain-Yugoslavia 1-0.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
YUGOSLAVIA	4	3	0	1	9	3	6
Spain	4	2	0	2	5	8	4
Rumania	4	1	0	3	5	6	2

GROUP 8 . . . HUNGARY

Hungary-Greece 7-0; Greece-Russia 0-2; Russia-Hungary 0-0; Russia-Greece 3-0; Hungary-Russia 1-0; Greece-Hungary 1-1.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
HUNGARY	4	2	2	0	9	1	6
Russia	4	2	1	1	5	1	5
Greece	4	0	1	3	1	13	1

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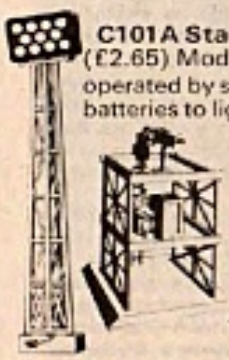

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COLLAPS
MUNICH

Franz Beckenbauer — now directing operations for New York Cosmos as he previously did for Bayern Munich.

THE SUDDEN swap of coaches between Bayern Munich and Eintracht Frankfurt — Dettmar Cramer leaving Bavaria in exchange for Gyula Lorant — confirmed the long-awaited, yet bizarre, collapse of Bayern as a force not only in Europe, but in the Bundesliga too.

Yet, since so much of the blame for their slump has been applied to a failure to introduce new blood, *World Soccer* readers should, I think, be made aware of the lengths to which Bayern went during the summer trying to rebuild an ailing, ageing, team.

The need for rejuvenation had never been more obvious — and the opportunity, on the surface, never more clear-cut.

Bayern's senior players were growing no younger. Goalkeeper Sepp Maier is 32, stopper Hans-Georg Schwarzenbeck 29, midfielder Franz 'Bulle' Roth 31, and Gerd Müller 32. Paul Breitner had already left for Real Madrid after the 1974 World Cup Final triumph, and Franz Beckenbauer was enticed away by New York Cosmos last spring.

Then there were the injuries. Roth spent long months on the sidelines with tendon trouble; Uli Hoeness was in and out of hospital with knee injuries; Bjorn Andersson, the tall Swede, was never the same player after being cut down in the opening minutes of the 1975 European Cup Final against Leeds in Paris.

Also, there had been some doubly costly transfers. Men like the Danish midfielder Klaus Seneca, signed from Sturm Graz of Austria, but whose lack of determination and fitness meant he played barely half a dozen games in the senior team. There was also the problem of Klaus Wunder — a skilful, if temperamental, striker, who cost a record £200,000 from MSV Duisburg. Playing in the constant shadow of Gerd Müller destroyed him, and Bayern's coaching team never came to grips with the problem.

A serious injury to play anywhere Bernd Dürnberger, then the back injury suffered by Gerd Müller a year ago, were the last straws. Without Müller, Bayern lost their chance of winning the Champions' Cup title four years in a row, going out to Dynamo Kiev in last season's quarter finals. Soon after, Beckenbauer left for the United States.

Bayern had no option but to rebuild.

Easy task

The gaps were there to be filled. It appeared an easy task. Except for the fact that the multi-million pound turnover Bayern's European glory years had created was famed; also, everyone knew there was about £500,000 in the kitty for the Beckenbauer transfer.

Every player for whom Beckenbauer's old club inquired suddenly doubled or trebled in value on the transfer market. Bayern faced a double problem. They needed not only new men, but a new star. For some time they had been interested in Liverpool's Kevin Keegan — and it was through interest in Keegan that they decided to turn seriously to the British market in the hope of finding a new 'name'.

I know this, because I was asked for advice by an intermediary working on Bayern's behalf.

For a while they contemplated a double bid for Liverpool's goals pair, Keegan and John

by Keir Radnedge

Toshack. But Toshack had a history of injury problems, and a big transfer deal would have been too much of a gamble.

Trevor Francis was one name mentioned; Paul Mariner, the Ipswich centre-forward, another.

Bayern soon discovered that Francis will not be released for any money by Birmingham. But for some weeks they were hopeful of signing Mariner, who hadn't joined Ipswich long before from Plymouth, to take the weight off Müller up front.

Then, all of a sudden, the deal was off. Bayern, acting through the same agent, spoke several times to Motherwell about the briefly in-demand Willie Pettigrew. But, here again, they discovered the familiar obstacle — when Motherwell knew the asking club were Bayern, the player valuation rocketed.

So, in the end, Bayern finished up with four major new signings for the £500,000 Beckenbauer fee — Janzon, Rausch, Niedermayer, and Branko Oblak. The Yugoslav schemer, Oblak, had been a star in the 1974 World Cup Finals. But Bayern picked him up from Schalke for about £200,000 on the cheap, because he hadn't been able to settle at Gelsenkirchen, hadn't fitted in with the young West German international Hannes Bongartz, and couldn't wait to get away.

The most ironic feature of the Oblak signing is that while Bayern stood astride Europe their midfield always looked in

BAYERN'S SQUAD

	Age	Caps	Prev. club	Jnd Byrn
Goal:				
SEPP MAIER	32	77	TSV Haar (Youth)	1958
WALTER JUNGHANS	19	—	Victoria Hamburg	1977
Defence:				
PETER GRUBER	25	—	Bayern amateurs	1973
WOLFGANG RAUSCH (swpr)	30	—	Kickers Offenbach	1977
HANS-G. SCHWARZENBECK	29	43	Sp. München	1966
KURT NIEDERMAYER	22	—	Karlsruhe	1977
UDO HORSMANN	25	—	Sp. Beckum	1975
WESELY SCHENK	22	—	Sp. Munchen	1975
SEPP WEISS	25	—	Bayern amateurs	1967
Midfield:				
FRANZ ROTH	31	4	Kaufbeuren	1966
BRANKO OBLAK	30	45 (Yug)	Schalke	1977
JUPP KAPELLMANN	28	5	Koln	1973
BERND DURNBERGER	24	—	Freilassig	1972
ALFRED ARBINGER	20	—	Vilshofen	1975
KLAUS AUGENTHALER	20	—	Vilshofen	1975
KARL-HEINZ WOHLAND	24	—	Kulmbach	1977
Attack:				
ULI HOENESS	25	35	VfB Ulm	1970
GERD MÜLLER	32	63	Nördlingen	1964
KARL-HEINZ RUMLENIGGE	22	8	Bor. Lippstadt	1974
NORBERT JANZON	27	—	Karlsruhe	1977
RAINER KÜNKEL	27	—	Darmstadt	1975
ERHAN ÖNAL	20	—	Bayern amateurs	1973
EDUARD KIRSCHNER	24	—	Passau	1976
FRITZ KLOO	20	—	Bayern youth	1973
WILLI REISINGER	19	—	ASV Cham	1976

PSE OF BAYERN IN GERMANY

desperate need of the class player who could help run the show in the manner of Günter Netzer in the 1972 European championship — a man outstanding in his own right, but not so much of an egotist he couldn't accept the Beckenbauer authority.

But, for all their recent triumphs, Bayern remain the second club in Munich. Traditionally the most popular team are TSV 1860 München — who made their mark in Europe in 1964-65, playing an admirable part in the Cup-winners' Cup Final won at Wembley by West Ham.

Relegation

Ironically, 1964-65 provided a turning point for both clubs. A year or two later 1860 were sliding towards relegation, while that was the season Bayern earned promotion into the two-year-old Bundesliga. It was their most important league success since they won the old German championship back in 1932 — the only time they earned a place in the top rank between their founding on February 27, 1900 and the Bundesliga success of the new era in 1969, 1972, 1973 and 1974.

Yet it was success in the Cup which first set Bayern's cat among the European pigeons.

They had won the Cup for the first time only in 1957, returning for more success in 1966, 1967, 1969 and 1971. And the 1966 win put them into the Cup-winners' Cup the following season, when an extra-time goal from Roth beat Glasgow Rangers in the final at Nuremburg.

In the league Bayern had finished third at first attempt — so what a glorious year for roly-poly Yugoslav Zlatko Cajkovski, once one of Europe's finest wing halves and whose coaching career reached a high point in the sixties in West Germany, first with Köln, then with Bayern. Cajkovski earned his place among soccer's immortals by his words when president Wilhelm Neudecker urged him to give a chance to a young centre-forward named Gerd Müller.

"What?" roared Cajkovski. "Put that elephant in among my thoroughbreds?"

Soccer history shows that "that elephant" went on to score a record total of goals in the Bundesliga, prove the scourge of goalkeepers around the world, and hit the winner in the 1974 World Cup Final. After that, of course, he retired from the national team to concentrate solely on Bayern and his business interests. Today he is captain of Bayern and still among the finest all-round forwards in the world.

Müller has earned his fame as a goal-poacher — but he has proved to those who have watched him in more than just a few top games, that he can play with exceptional perception and skill in midfield and that he doesn't mind the hard work.

In the 1975 Champions' Cup Final, in Paris, injuries forced Müller back into midfield and he was one of the men of the match.

Praise

Afterwards coach Dettmar Cramer, acknowledging praise for his "new" Müller, said: "We know he could be one of the best midfield players in the world. But he also happens to be the best centre-forward. If we could replace him in attack we would use him in midfield — but where can we buy another centre-forward like that?"

Müller is brave too. He played against Glasgow Rangers with a special leather cast on a broken fore-arm. He played the first half of last season in pain from his injured back, and recovered from the eventual operation so quickly that he very nearly made the disastrous Champions' Cup quarter final with Dynamo Kiev.

Müller was one of the three great heroes of Bayern — along with Beckenbauer and goalkeeper Sepp Maier. Despite the late arrivals of Breitner, Hoeness, Schwarzenbeck and Co these three men went through every triumph Bayern enjoyed.

Hans Georg Schwarzenbeck of Bayern.

After the Cup-winners' Cup success it seemed Bayern's tenure at the top might be short. But the new youngsters provided the support the "big three" needed and, when Johan Cruyff quit Ajax for Spain, Bayern were clearly the heir apparent to the European throne.

Grown

Not that acceding to the Champions' crown was plain sailing. Bayern came within half a minute of defeat in the 1974 Champions' Cup Final. Only a speculative 35-yarder from Schwarzenbeck earned the replay in which the Germans took Atletico Madrid apart.

For Bayern's players, 1974 will always be the year they can never forget. Maier, Breitner, Schwarzenbeck, Beckenbauer, Hoeness and Müller landed the Champions' Cup and the World Cup within the space of a couple of months — to add to the European championship medals from 1972.

From 1974 there was only one way they could go — down. The following season Bayern struggled in the Bundesliga. Gates slumped to 12,000 and Neudecker cut prices by up to a half before the fans started coming back. A 4½-year unbeaten home record was punctured in September 1974 by Schalke and in Europe they lived dangerously in beating Magdeburg, Ararat Erevan and Saint-Etienne in the semi-finals.

RISE AND FALL OF BAYERN MÜNCHEN

Season	Lge pos.	WG Cup	Intl comps
1964-65	Promoted	—	—
1965-66	3rd	Winners	—
1966-67	6th	Winners	Cup-winners' Cup winners.
1967-68	5th	—	Cup-winners' Cup semi-finalists.
1968-69	Champions	Winners	—
1969-70	2nd	—	Champions' Cup 1st rd.
1970-71	2nd	Winners	Fairs' Cup quarter finals.
1971-72	Champions	—	Cup-winners' Cup semi-finals. (Six players in W. Germany's European Ch'ship-winning team).
1972-73	Champions	—	Champions' Cup quarter finals.
1973-74	Champions	—	Champions' Cup winners. (Six players in W. Germany's World Cup-winning team).
1974-75	10th	—	Champions' Cup winners.
1975-76	3rd	—	Champions' Cup winners. (Three players in W. Germany's Euro. Ch'ship runners-up team).
1976-77	7th	—	World Club Cup winners. Champions' Cup quarter finals.

by BRIAN GLANVILLE

Much wrong in England —and Italy!

AS the Italians say, in all their profundity, *tutto è relativo*, everything's relative. It would indeed be as foolish to regard the recent English victory in any absolute way as it was so to regard the Italian victory over England in Rome; or, for that matter, their annihilation of Finland in Turin. There is still much wrong in the English game. There is still a great deal wrong in the Italian game. After all, the 3-2 English over Italy in New York is not yet two years behind us, and the Italians that evening showed their old failings of dubious morale and thuggery.

Thuggery we saw again at Wembley. Benetti was lucky to stay on the field at all after a series of appalling fouls, varying from the chopping down of Peter Barnes as he sped through in the first half to the disgraceful attack on Keegan an instant after he had put Brooking through so cleverly for the second goal.

A spiteful assault by Tardelli on Keegan and a nasty foul by Gentile also lingered unpleasantly in the mind. This sort of thing, alas, is bred in the bone of Italian football, and there is little or nothing even a man as good and honest as Enzo Bearzot can do except to try to explain it away. Annibale Frossi once an Italian international outside-right, then manager of Internazionale in the fifties, now a journalist, has an explanation of his own: Italian players, he said to me, were simply not used to facing such harsh physical challenge, and had to *arrangiarsi*, adjust themselves, as best they could.

Hence Benetti. Which would I prefer, he went on to demand, rhetorically, a player like Benetti who at least kept going and fighting, or players such as Causio and Bettega who, on the evening, were scarcely to be seen. Neither, was the obvious answer or rather, a Causio, a Bettega, with the energy and commitment of Benetti, but none of his evil antics. If he does that kind of thing in the River Plate Stadium against the Argentinians next June, I would not be too happy to insure him.

What Wembley showed was that it is as foolish as I have long said it was to write off English football, *tout court*, and equally foolish to laud Italian football on the basis of a handful of recent games. When I watched Lazio, a few days after Italy's victory over Finland, struggle to a 2-0 UEFA Cup home win against modest Lens, I realised that there was still a vast amount to be done were the Italian game at large to move into the modern era.

Lazio had one brilliant minute in which they scored two sizzling goals, the first of which, by the notorious Giuseppe Wilson, was a small masterpiece. Playing as sweeper, Wilson burst fifty yards out of his own half, swopped passes with Giordano, the Lazio centre-forward, and drove the ball home. Then he went back uniquely to defend.

When, after the game, I asked the Lazio manager, the Brazilian Luis Vinicio, about the way his team flagged and faded, he had all sorts of ingenious explanations, but none of them convinced me. He said that his team had perhaps taken too seriously his instructions at half-time when he told them to beware of giving away a goal. He suggested that they were suffering from the fact that it was some time since they had had a competitive game; while certain Roman journalists had been lamenting the fact that too much had been taken out of the team by recent victories over Beavisa — and Juventus, thrashed 3-0 in the Olympic Stadium. To me, it just seemed that the Italians had run out of steam and confidence, and the return game in Lens seemed to prove as much. 2-0 down at half-time, Lazio proceeded in extra time to lose by a staggering 6-0.

Oh, the inquests! Oh, the wailing and gnashing of teeth! Vinicio accused Wilson, his sweeper, and the experienced Francesco Cordova of playing too cautious a game, which both angrily denied. But there was no explaining away the fact that Lazio had been overrun by what is by no means one of the best French sides that in terms of stamina, tactics and morale, the Romans had been lamentable.

And this was the team which had so recently annihilated Juventus! There was a great furore in Rome, Vinicio being condemned for tactical and training errors, then defended on the same charges. The moral, however, seemed perfectly plain. Whatever the achievement of the international team, Italian football has yet to rid itself of its persisting faults, just as we have not divested ourselves of our own.

Great euphoria inevitably followed England's victory at Wembley, together with that primitive reaction among both fans and players which leads them to excoriate a manager when things go wrong, extol him when they go right. Greenwood deserved praise for the gambles he took in the Italy match, gambles which in large measure succeeded, but the fact remains that they were made necessary largely by his blunders in the selection of the teams to play Switzerland and Luxemburg, his inexplicable choice of the Liverpool block and then the Ipswich forwards, in the face of all the evidence, and his own deepest preferences.

With hindsight, we can see that there was more of a chance against Italy than Greenwood, or any of us for that matter, conceded when he took office. England needed to win by a big score in Luxemburg. This would not only have given them a larger mathematical possibility of success; it would also have given Italy a larger hurdle to leap against Finland, might have put them that afternoon in Turin under greater pressure.

The wretched failure of the Liverpool experiment against the Swiss should have led Greenwood to abandon it right away. Not to pick his own pupil and protégé, West Ham's Trevor Brooking, for the Luxemburg game but to keep in the utterly and irredeemably pedestrian Callaghan seemed to border upon wanton perversity.

Brooking made one goal and scored the other against Italy. This said, one could not assert that he had a dominating game. Indeed, after a splendid beginning, he tended to fade away. But he did accomplish much of great virtuosity, things of which Callaghan could never dream. And Greenwood was proved superabundantly right to keep in Keegan.

Meanwhile, Phil Neal thoroughly justified Greenwood's faith in him, giving the finest defensive performance he has yet given for his country, and only four days after looking hopelessly at sea against Leighton James and QPR. There is, as I have said, much wrong with our game, starting in the schools with their over emphasis on competition and their discouragement of individual virtuosity.

World Soccer's Brian Glanville (left) with Enzo Bearzot. The picture, incidentally, was taken by Brian's aspiring young photo-journalist son Toby.

by Peter Bills

CRUYFF—WHO WILL TAKE HIS PLACE?

WILL Anderlecht winger Robbie Rensenbrink become the new Cruyff? Will the great Barcelona player's absence from the World Finals in Argentina give Rensenbrink the perfect platform to exhibit his skills to the world?

The answer to both questions, as with all others about the tall, enigmatic Anderlecht player, lies purely and simply at the feet of ... Robbie Rensenbrink.

The Dutchman has undoubtedly the class and ability to become an important part of the Dutch World Cup effort next June. But as to what extent Holland can look to Rensenbrink depends greatly on his own morale and ambition.

Only Rensenbrink has held up Rensenbrink's progress in the past and if that all sounds a trille Dutch, it's probably meant to. Listen to Cruyff's closest colleague, Barcelona midfielder Johann Neeskens, talking about the Dutch in Argentina — without Cruyff.

"Of course, we shall miss Johann tremendously," says Neeskens. "The National side will lose a lot. But I think Rensenbrink can become the new Cruyff. And, of course, there are many other good players in the Dutch side. Rensenbrink can demonstrate to the world that he will be as good as Cruyff. He will have a lot of pressure on him if Cruyff does not go. But I think he will do well."

Wet hair

An optimistic assessment? Possibly so. But there is little doubt that Rensenbrink possesses the vision, craft and talent to lift the Dutch if Cruyff is missing. Whether he can produce all the qualities Cruyff displays and whether he can sustain such a showing, is something only Rensenbrink himself can answer.

The new Cruyff? Rensenbrink, leather, fur-lined jacket over open top shirt and hair still wet from an Anderlecht training session, sat back across the table and sipped hot, black coffee. The shrug of the shoulders was typically Dutch: the expression all Cruyff.

"Maybe I can do it," he said, after a pause. "But the other players in the team must help me if that is to happen. The whole Dutch team gives the ball to Cruyff: the side is built around him and he is the central point. Maybe I could do that job but I do not know if the other players will give me the ball, like they do Cruyff. The National team has been built around Cruyff, his ideas and his playing patterns for perhaps eight years. It is perhaps asking a lot to change it all at once.

"But I feel I could do Cruyff's job. It would be a great challenge for me. He is the organiser, the supreme controller. I do not know if there will EVER be another Cruyff. But maybe I would like the chance to try and see what I can do."

Interesting Rensenbrink in the job is perhaps the toughest part of all. Through all, he remains the enigma of the Dutch side, perhaps to even a greater extent than Cruyff himself.

"Doesn't work enough — too lazy" is the assessment of former Anderlecht player, Duncan McKenzie. "All the talent but not enough work."

That's one opinion. "He works hard enough and has all the class." is Neeskens' view. Others will undoubtedly have differing views. Frankly, the man invites discussion and debate. An enigmatic character if ever there is one.

Rensenbrink, himself, believes the Germans will again be the side to beat in Argentina. He says: "Their League must be the best in the world. There are so many good teams in West Germany today and they have changed the 1974 side without any apparent problems. It has been a remarkable alteration in so short a time.

"All the German players are very strong, very physical, very hard-working. They are good players and in Klaus Fischer they have a forward and a goalscorer who is now better than Gerd Muller. They have an excellent chance of retaining their trophy next summer."

Dismissed

The absence of England from the Finals is something Rensenbrink feels shouldn't be dismissed too lightly. "It is important that England should go to the World Cup Finals. If they are not to be there, it is a big loss. But I feel you have only yourselves to blame for that situation.

"You were very bad against Holland last February because you should have found a team and stayed with it. You have plenty of players that are good enough for world football. But if you do not have a settled team, nothing will ever go right. Keegan is, I believe, perhaps your best player. England should build a team around him and keep it much the same. That is what the Dutch did and we have succeeded because of that."

Last chance

Whether Rensenbrink is the man the Dutch will build their new side around, remains to be seen. Rensenbrink admits its his last chance to go to the World Cup Finals — and win. "I am 31 when I am out in Argentina," he says. "1982 in Spain will be too late for me. It is now I succeed or not at all."

It could just be that Cruyff's absence and the need for a focal point upon which to hang the Dutch pattern, could stimulate Rensenbrink's imagination. Few who have followed Rensenbrink's career closely doubt his natural ability. But those close assessors have, too often, been frustrated by his apparent lack of desire to ascend the top rung of the ladder. Now, perhaps, as the sunset approaches on Rensenbrink's career, the man himself may at last feel the desire to climb one more rung and see the best view for himself.

Meanwhile, below, all Holland awaits his move.

An OP
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THE moment I entered the luxurious offices of "World Soccer", I realized that something was amiss. The Editor, instead of playing darts with the tea lady or making model aeroplanes out of the back-numbers of 'Kicker' as is his wont on busy Wednesday afternoons, was sitting behind his desk — thinking! After a brief mock enthusiastic greeting, he said gravely: "We need something special for the Christmas edition, go home and write something funny!"

"There is nothing funny in my home," I answered. "In any case, what's wrong with Eric Batty's usual contribution, or perhaps Keir Radnedge could use up a couple of pages on Jose Maria Salami's transfer from a Spanish Third Division club to another Spanish Third Division club".

"No need to be nasty," he said, casually opening an expensive looking packet of crisps, vinegar flavoured. "Okay, make a few 'phone calls, half of your expenses will be refunded in early July. But don't be too frivolous, we don't want your few remaining readers dying of laughter!"

On my way home, where the east-wing houses my private office, I realized that it would be very difficult to compete with the comedy of real life. The draw of the European Championship was made that day, and the grouping itself and the comments on it, were quite hilarious. Consequently, I telephoned UEFA and asked to speak with Oyve Goesunder, one of the top officers (often disguised as a liftman) of that Organization.

"Please, can you explain your thinking behind the seeding?" I pleaded.

"We had to seed the four semi-finalists of the 1974 Tournament, that's obvious. Then we seeded England and the USSR for services to football."

"What services?"

"Well, English supporters have been instrumental in the re-construction of several stadiums on the Continent. They have also introduced unusual chants, hand-to-hand fighting and brought excitement into such dull towns as Paris and Rotterdam. The Russians, on the other hand, have demonstrated that true amateurism is still possible in big-time football, as long as the players are well paid under-the-counter."

"Why did you seed Belgium?"

"Why not Belgium? Everyone is annoyed with the Belgians, because they take that little statue in Brussels personally".

"How did you manage to group the two Irelands together?"

"We had 17 teams to distribute into seven groups. That is difficult, unless you have a professor of mathematics on the committee. There was a suggestion that some teams ought to be divided — one half of the Greek squad, for instance, could play in Group 4, and the other half in Group 6. But this sensible proposal failed to get the two-thirds majority because a vet from Iceland, and the snooker champion of Albania (both valued committee members) voted against it."

"How did the amazing coincidence occur, that two groups are identical to two of the current World Cup?"

"We are pleased to be able to provide the opportunity for Spain and Yugoslavia to renew their friendly rivalry. Business is slack in the hospitals of Madrid and Belgrade, so these games will combat unemployment in those countries. Rumania's Stephen Kovacs can once again accuse Spain of cheating, and then forgiven by the Authorities. The Hungary, Russia, Greece triumvirate got on very well together in the World Cup — why should we separate them? In any case, the draw was perfectly genuine!"

"One last question. Why did you award the staging of the Finals to Italy?"

"Because they haven't had an important international Final for a few weeks now. As you know, it is very pleasant in Italy in early June, the pasta, the vino, the music . . . Our President travels a great deal, these Finals will give him a chance to spend a couple of weeks with his family."

Genuine or not, I was amazed to read Ron Greenwood's reaction to it. He thinks that we ought to have our backsides kicked if we do not qualify. Has he forgotten that the

FER FROM THE TOR WHICH I LDN'T REFUSE!

by

LESLIE VERNON

Bulgarians have three world-class players in Crapov, Muckov and Finkov? Or if they haven't, we shall invent them, or more correctly discover them. After all, we — or rather the British Press — "discovered" Tomaszewski, Gorgon, Lato and Deyna in '73, Masny, Nehoda, Pollack and Ondrus in '75, and the last bunch of "New Faces" included such hitherto "unknown" characters as Causio, Antognoni and Bettega. Yes, the UEFA did their best to "draw" us into an "easy" group, but for the current England team, no result can be regarded as a foregone conclusion.

No sooner had I rung-off, than I received my usual monthly call from a Continental club looking for reinforcements. (Ever since I casually remarked in a crowded Lisbon bar in 1965 that Bobby Charlton was a reasonable footballer, I am regarded in international circles as a good judge of a player!)

"We have lost our last 14 games, and haven't scored a goal since early March", said the caller. "Can you recommend a world-class forward?"

"Pele", I suggested.

"We don't want coloured players!"

"Puskas?"

"Too old!"

"Cruyff?"

"Too moody, wrong attitude".

"In that case, you want a typical English centre-forward, tall, aggressive, good for 35 goals per season, but also goes back to help the defence, and finds time to create chances for others. Unselfish to a fault, but dynamite inside the box".

"Exactly," he answered. "Do you know anyone like that?"

"Yes, there is a guy who is so tall that he can wallpaper the ceiling of his room without standing on a chair or ladder, has been convicted for causing grievous bodily harm to opposing defenders, and scored 72 goals in one single season."

I forgot to mention that this feat was achieved about fifteen years ago, when this "world-class" striker was a pupil of a secondary school in North London. We agreed to find out whether wonder-boy is for sale or not, and since he hasn't been in the first team for weeks, I was sure that his manager would jump at the opportunity to get rid of him. But when I 'phoned the club and mentioned the inquiry, suddenly the player's worth rocketed. "He is not in the first team because he can't get on with the physio's wife. But I don't want to lose anyone at this stage of the season," said the manager. "We have an important fixture in the South-East Counties League next week, and someone might get injured in training. Still, if they are willing to pay £400,000 for him, we might consider it."

And now to something more serious. The mayhem in Belgrade when Spain clashed with Yugoslavia brought into focus the menace of the forthcoming World Cup. As one observer said when he was asked to forecast the result: "Argentina will kick W. Germany to death in the Final."

I am also beginning to fear the worst. The stakes are much too high, and unless the referees get a grip on the games early on, this tournament could develop into the most disastrous anti-propaganda for football.

Incidentally, Ken Burns' handling of the Yugoslavia match was pathetic, and Brian Moore greatly disappointed me with his weak-kneed comments on it. He absolved Burns from all responsibility, while — as I understand — he was very critical of Palotai for his handling of the England v. Italy game.

Moore, and his team of temporary T.V. commentators, thought that Palotai should have sent off Tardelli for a foul after which Kevin Keegan taked injury. But Burns couldn't be blamed for the disasters around him, because . . . Because why? Perhaps, because he is English? Double standards are not good for the game, whether they are practised by T.V. commentators, referees, FIFA, UEFA or even journalists.

But, of course, nothing is as amusing as the English editions of the World Cup bulletins issued by the well-intentioned Organizing Committee. Unfortunately, they couldn't find anyone with a working knowledge of English, although the latest issue has a touch of cockney about it.

The front page is occupied by a handful of workers apparently busy constructing the Mar Del Plata stadium. The legend alongside the picture reads: "Gracefully lifts its cement profil another Colossus of sporting architechture proportion. A depurate design included the most advanced technological concepts to provide to the big stadium of the greatest comforts and armony."

We are also informed that: "The sumptuous and singular footballistic stage which is under construction in the Parque Municipal (Municipal Park) of the seaside town, in the southeast zone of the Province of Buenos Aires, has now reached 75% of its total erection." Congratulations!

The misprint of the month appears in "Zurich Sport". Writing about the Panorama programme which dealt with hooliganism at Millwall, and about the allegations that it was a put-up job by the B.B.C., they say: "It now appears that each member of the public who was interviewed on T.V. was paid £30,000 by the B.B.C." Well, goodbye all, at that pay-rate I am off to join the "F. Troops" at Millwall!

France's first goal, scored by Rocheteau, in the World Cup qualifying round match against Bulgaria in Paris. France won 3-1 to go through to Argentina.

No illusions!

News from France by Andre Duclos

THE sheer joy of getting through to the World Cup Finals again after twelve long years pervades French football now. There have been other satisfactions, too. The astonishing 6-0 conquest of Lazio by Lens in extra time in the UEFA Cup, after losing 2-0 in Rome. The splendid success of Bastia at Newcastle in the same competition, with a couple of tremendous goals from Johnny Rep, who will surely find his way into the Dutch World Cup party. Odd and ironic to think that the way he took his second goal at Newcastle, with a terrific burst of speed that left two Newcastle United defenders trailing then a shot which gave the goalkeeper no chance, was the way he should have scored when Cruyff put him clear in the 1974 World Cup Final, late in the first half at Munich against West Germany.

We have no vast illusions. It is clearly unlikely that France will win the World Cup, but our tour of South America last year, without the dazzling Dominique Rocheteau, be it noted (and he scored against Bulgaria) showed that the French team can operate well in those conditions. Michel Platini is developing all the time, and is surely now one of the finest midfield players in Europe, with the potential to be one of the best in the world. There is a superabundance of wingers, Rocheteau, Rouyer, Six, Dalger. There are no problems in midfield, where Dominique Bathenay is still young enough to become even more dominant.

Should the Argentinian manager Cesar Luis Menotti have taken a look at Monaco's Delio Onnis on his recent tour of Europe? It appears that he has now lost interest in the two star Argentinians in our League whom he was previously thinking of putting in his party: that is to say, Carlos Bianchi, centre-forward for Paris Saint Germain, and the big Saint Etienne centre-back, Oswaldo Piazza. Piazza seems relegated to the possibles on his list, while he no longer talks of Bianchi, who changed clubs by leaving Reims at the end of last season, at all.

Onnis has been having a prolific season at Monaco. In a recent League match there he was jeered by a section of the tiny crowd which is all that beautiful little stadium can hold. He responded with yet another goal, then went over to them and made polite but meaningful gestures. You could scarcely blame him, though afterwards he said he was sorry he had done it, that the crowd after all had a right to whistle (they had also demanded that he be taken off, the fools!) His wife's grandmother, he said, had died the night before, and he was in a distressed state. Which still did not stop him scoring. An Argentinian as prolific in his way as Bianchi was . . . with Reims.

Talking of Bastia, they have done surprisingly well considering that they sold both their star wingers in the summer; Dragan Dzajic back to Red Star Belgrade, Zimako to Saint Etienne, where he has been having somewhat mixed fortunes. Rep, of course, was a splendid buy — how successful the little club are in luring famous stars to Corsica to play in front of tiny crowds! — but much has been owed this season to the adventurous play of a genuine Corsican in Orlanducci.

Charles Orlanducci has played all over the place in his career, but you might now call him, were it not a contradiction in terms, an attacking stopper. His manager, whom he greatly likes and admires, the resilient Cahuzac, encourages him to express himself, to bring the ball out of defence. Orlanducci was given a full French cap two years ago, against Belguim, and has also played both for the Under 21s and for the Army team. He was born in the little Corsican village of Vescovato where his parents own a café and where he returns from Bastia as to a haven, as often as he possibly can. As to his attacking, adventurous style, he says that a little freedom does nobody any harm, and makes football more enjoyable. He was stopper for the Army team but played with a number seven shirt on his back for Red Star of Paris. Now he has happily settled down as a stopper . . . in his own particular way.

Under the aegis of their old striker, the Yugoslav international Josip Skoblar, a phenomenal scorer in French football, Marseille this season have made great strides, but Skoblar maintains an astonishingly modest demeanour. Even after Olympique had beaten the leaders, Nice, he insisted that his team was essentially in a transitional stage, and could not be thought of as true contenders for the Championship. "In football," he says, "what comes quickly is never very good. It's a little like a beautiful girl whom one wants to achieve without the least preliminary. Such loves never last long." A romantic indeed!

Still, there is no doubt that Skoblar and his fellow Yugoslav, Markovic, who works under him as team manager, have their team on the right lines and that it has plenty of fighting spirit. A recent 2-2 home draw against the Champions, Nantes, clearly showed as much. Marseille were actually a couple of goals down, but a 35,000 crowd — exceeded that day by a 37,000 crowd at Paris-Saint Etienne (4-1) saw them fight back to earn a draw. Emon got the equaliser eight minutes from time from the penalty spot, but the outstanding home player was the international left-back, Bracci, who is having a fine season.

So is Mustapha Dahleb, who put no fewer than three goals that day into the Saint Etienne net. If only this remarkable left winger were French! He did not start the season too well, but that is because he has had a serious knee injury which even at the time of his hat trick was not, he insists, wholly cured. He thus had to start the season without being as fit as he would have liked. Goodness, how fit he looks now!

One of his goals that day involved a run in which he beat no fewer than four Saint Etienne defenders, before putting the ball in the net. He is a player who has the big match temperament to a degree; the greater the occasion, the more he enjoys it and shines. He had said before the Saint Etienne fixture that this was a game for him, one in which he felt his Parisian team could show what it was worth. On days like this, Dahleb goes looking for the ball all over the field.

Also back in form after injury is another international striker in Jacky Vergnes, whom Strasbourg signed to a three year contract this season. The veteran centre-forward was prevented from training fully by a series of injuries; but found his scoring touch again against Rouen. A 2-0 win; two for Vergnes.

SECURITY: Regular police to take charge

● World Cup holders West Germany are the first of the 15 finalists from abroad to choose their headquarters in Argentina. The German team, which will leave for Argentina on May 22 or 23, will stay in Ascochinga, 35 km from Cordoba, one of five World Cup venues. From there they will travel to Buenos Aires, over 800 km away, to play the opening match on June 1.

SECURITY during next year's World Soccer Cup in Argentina has been of some considerable concern to delegations due to come here. Stories of terrorist activity, kidnappings and disappearance of people have gone round the world and because they are, to a large extent, true, players, officials and fans are naturally afraid.

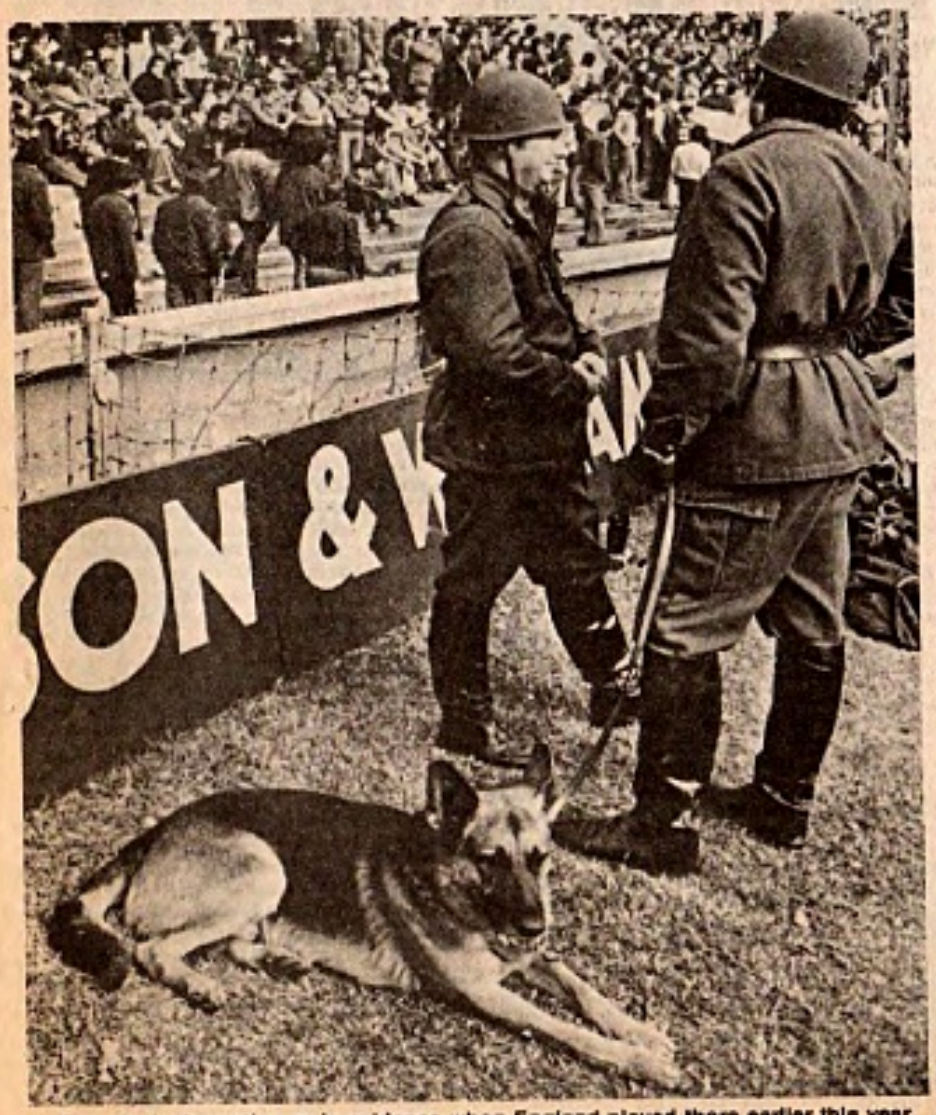
Some months ago the largest terrorist organisation here, the "Montoneros" announced that they would not disrupt the World Cup tournament "because it is a feast of the people". Although they complained about the high ticket prices (which are set by FIFA), the "Montoneros" guaranteed safety to visiting players, coaches, fans and journalists.

With the gradual defeat of terrorism here, they may not even be in a position to mount a major threat to the World Cup by next year even if they wanted to, but the threat remains of isolated terrorist action, not always controlled by the "Montoneros" such as planting explosives and assassination of individuals, but this is mostly directed against the government.

This kind of problem is rife in many parts of the world and as General Merlo, head of the government-run Argentine World Cup committee (EAM 78) rightly said, such isolated attacks can not be prevented here, nor in Spain or West Germany or anywhere else in the world.

He also says that security during the World Cup tournament will be in the hands of the regular police — numbering around 5,000 in Buenos Aires for a population of 10 million — except for special guards on foreign delegations. Security arrangements at other venues will also be handled by the regular police. After talks with the Munich police chief who was in charge of security at the 1972 Olympic Games — where Israeli athletes were kidnapped and murdered by Palestine guerrillas — Argentine officials consider that the police can handle the job alone although, of course, the army will stand by in case of emergencies.

Recently the army did discover a terrorist hideout filled with equipment to disrupt and jam TV transmission of the World Cup abroad.



Security in Argentina as in evidence when England played there earlier this year.

Inspected

As for the actual matches, nobody without a ticket will be allowed within several blocks of the stadium and the system was already tried out at recent international matches in Buenos Aires at which, visiting officials will have to admit, organisation was perfect. No plans have been mentioned about searching spectators as they enter the stadium yet, but anything they carry (bags, etc) will be inspected.

Argentine and South American fans in general have gained a reputation for bad behaviour over the years. League soccer fields are surrounded by moats and/or at least high reinforced wire fences. In fact the International Football Federation made it a condition specially for this World Cup in Argentina that the stadiums have to have moats surrounding the fields.

Visiting officials could have no complaints about crowd trouble at international matches played here recently. This year also a number of league games have had to be suspended because of crowd trouble and excitement is bound to run high at World Cup games also, but the police should be able to handle it.

At major games some 200 police are inside the stadium with hoses, tear-gas and dogs. The latter have proved particularly effective and a great deterrent . . . and the authorities are expecting more trouble from Brazilian and Scottish fans (if the latter come in numbers) than their own.

Hattenberger (left) of Austria in action against East Germany.

Austria earn finals place

by Arthur Rotmil

FOR the first time in 20 years the Austrian national team will take part in the World Cup finals. They did not have an easy passage grouped with the well drilled East Germans, the tough and unpredictable Turks and the outsiders Malta, who might have proved the decisive factor on account of how many goals they would concede to the other contenders.

In the event, it was Turkey who gave Austria a helping hand to Argentina. The second match in this group decided the outcome and it was staged in Dresden: East Germany could only draw 1-1 with Turkey and though they didn't know it then, this lost home point tripped them up in the final reckoning. The Austrians, carried on a wave of enthusiasm quite out of proportion to the interest shown by the fans in their club football, swept to the top of the group and held out.

Their unbeaten run — they finished with four wins, two draws and only conceded two goals — sent the whole country delirious with joy. 70,000 fans saw the tie v. Turkey and a capacity 72,000 crowd packed the Prater-stadium for the confrontation with East Germany. An estimated 10,000 supporters travelled for the return in Leipzig and another 8,000 made the trip to far away Izmir for the decisive clash in Turkey!

Yet, only a few thousand spectators turn out here even at top of the table matches in the League. Just before Austria's national side clinched their World Cup place, the five games in the First Division drew a derisory total of 19,000 customers. . . .

Of course, Austria have a long and fine tradition in football and were once the leading country in Europe. In the 'thirties, the Austrian "Wunderteam" was for a long time unbeatable and a model for all Europe to copy. Even as late as 1954, Austria finished third in the World Cup series in Switzerland.

Sponsorship

The decline in their fortunes can be traced to the rise in strength of those countries where professional football was introduced since the war (like Holland and West Germany), or receives generous sponsorship from the army, factories and universities, (like in Eastern Europe).

The Austrian semi-professionals were no longer able to compete on equal terms with their neighbours and in fact began losing their best players, who sought better financial rewards, especially in West Germany, where they have no language problems.

Today Austria's top players are even active in Spain, Belgium and Holland. And the current national team contains several of these "mercenaries" without whom they could not hope to achieve those recent splendid results.

Now, in the headquarters of the Austrian Football Federation in Vienna, the president Karl Sekanina, national manager Helmuth Senekowitsch, his assistant Georg Schmidt and the new sports director Max Merkel are working on the preparations for "Argentina '78".

Senekowitsch, a former international forward (he played in the 1958 World Cup), has already announced plans to visit Argentina in January for two matches. Three further fixtures are being arranged for the spring. In May the squad will be assembled in a training camp. Thus the championship will exceptionally be extended through the winter months, with just a short break, to finish at the end of April.

A pity that for the trip to South America, Senekowitsch will not be able to include half his team! The entire midfield of Kurt Jara (MSV Duisburg), Josef Hickersberger (Fortuna Düsseldorf) and Roland Hattenberger (VfB Stuttgart) are active in West Germany. Striker Willy Kreuz (Feyenoord Rotterdam) is employed in Holland, while stopper Edi Krieger (FC Bruges) is serving in Belgium.

"Never mind," says Senekowitsch, philosophically. "It will give me an opportuntiy to try out some other candidates, so that I should know my full squad of 22 as early as possible." Those as yet untried players include "libero" Peter Persidis (Rapid), Walter Schachner (from Second Division Donawitz), who scored the goal which beat Turkey 1-0 in Vienna, the all-rounder Günther Happich (Wiener SK) the superbly skilled Kurt Welzl (SSW Innsbruck) and the goalkeepers Hubert Baumgartner (FC Austria) and Herbert Feuer (Rapid).

Of the home-based stars three men have caught the eye of European observers recently: Goalkeeper Friedl Koncilia (Innsbruck) his team mate the libero Bruno Pezzey and above all centre forward Hans Krankl (Rapid), who scored six goals in Austria's 9-0 win over Malta. In fact he hit half the goals total the Austrians have scored in the World Cup group! No wonder that this talented goal poacher is being chased by several top clubs from Western Europe.

Under Senekowitsch Austria have been unbeaten in 11 matches since last autumn, but the problems remain in attack. Apart from Krankl there are no lethal finishers of the international order. A bad blow has been the terrible injury to forward Josef Stering (Innsbruck) who pulled several ligaments very badly and thus will be out of action for months.

Problems

There are still many other problems to be ironed out, not least the strained relations between Senekowitsch and the recently appointed Merkel, a highly controversial figure who has made his name as a successful club coach in Germany and Spain.

The animosity dates from their activities in Spain — Senekowitsch played for Betis Seville, while Merkel was manager of Atletico Madrid. At least their knowledge of Spanish (spoken in Argentina) will be invaluable during the World Cup series! Austria are rated by many experts as "the best outsiders," which they prefer to the role of favourites!

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Sunderland's Cup

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Spurs v Norwich

1972 FA CUP FINAL
Leeds v Arsenal

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OUT GO THE CLUBS

WHAT the hell is going on in Scottish football? I apologise to the easily offended for the somewhat blunt language, but I don't see much point in beating about the bush in this issue.

The international side is through to the World Cup Finals and every Scot, rightly, is proud. On the European front everything is woeful . . . there is no other word for it. For the second successive season no Scottish club has managed to get past the second round in a European tournament and there is something far wrong with that unhappy statistic.

We can't even say we were unlucky. These teams — Celtic, Rangers and Dundee United — were hammered 3-0 in the away legs of their ties while Aberdeen couldn't win at home! Celtic, in fact, were the only club to get past the first round, but that was only because they faced Jeunesse D'Esch, of Luxembourg, and I reckon my old school side might have taken a couple of goals off them!

Celtic's flop in the Champions' Cup was a colossal one. They beat SSW Innsbruck, hardly soccer giants, 2-1 at Parkhead and went to defend that slender lead in the picturesque setting of Salzburg. Within 27 minutes they had crumbled to abject defeat. They lost three goals in that disastrous first-half period and it was farewell Europe for another year.

Parkhead goalkeeper Peter Latchford said in frustration after the game: "Every time I looked up it seemed as though fifteen Austrians were attacking me! It was terrible."

Latchford has been a rare Celtic hero this season. He has dealt competently and confidently with most of the things that have come his way. Unfortunately for him he made an awful blunder in the big prestige match against Rangers at Ibrox to gift them the winner, but before that he had made several brilliant saves.

On the night his big brother Bob was making his debut for England against Italy at Wembley, Peter was facing up to St. Mirren at rain-lashed Parkhead and helping Jock Stein's men through to their fourteenth successive League Cup semi-final. That must make pleasant reading for any Celtic fan, but they cannot forget that their team crashed when they should have risen to the European occasion.

Rangers, too, put in a miserable performance in Europe. After beating Young Boys, of Berne, in a preliminary round in the Cup Winners' Cup they squared up to Twente Enschede, of Holland, and, to be honest, I didn't think they would make much progress.

The Ibrox men seem to be easily frustrated by defence-in-depth tactics and that is precisely what faced them in Glasgow. They tried to go round, in between and over the Dutch defence, but their efforts were too easily read and mopped up with cool precision.

In the away leg they had it all to do . . . and couldn't do it. Twente scored two swift goals in the first-half added another after the interval and moved casually into the next round. Rangers do not seem suited to the European front although I am not forgetting that they did, indeed, win the Cup Winners Cup only five years ago.

Rioch looks for a medal

I AM amazed that there are still arguments raging about the validity of the penalty-kick which brought Scotland their first goal in that competitive World Cup-tie against Wales at Anfield. I am also amazed that a lot of the moaning is not coming from Wales, but from a country not too far away from either Scotland or Wales . . . and I'm not talking about Ireland!

It is now a thing of the past. Let me say that I thought it was as much a penalty as England's third goal against West Germany in the 1966 World Cup Final at Wembley was a goal. Now, let's look to the future and the Finals in Argentina in June.

How will Scotland fare? Captain Bruce Rioch says with a conviction which defies debate: "We will win a medal of some kind. I'm sure of that."

Manager Ally MacLeod says bluntly: "We have no need to fear anyone. We have got world class players, a strong squad and a great team spirit. We won't need any motivating. We know what to expect."

A well known critic of Scotland has said that they lack "sophisticated leadership." I take it he is talking about the team on the park and, frankly, this observation startles me. Surely Don Masson is one of the most sophisticated players in today's soccer world and it was he more than anyone else who led the team to that 3-1 victory over Czechoslovakia at Hampden in another crucial World Cup-tie.

He was brilliant that night. He wanted the ball all the time, he was involved in just about everything and he helped the players around him to settle and play with calm assurance and overwhelming confidence. Admittedly, he didn't reach this height against Wales at Anfield, but it would be asking too much of any player, and I include Johan Cruyff and Pele at their best, to expect an action replay in every game. That is just not on, but to say there is a lack of sophisticated leadership in this Scottish team is a lot of nonsense.

Personally, I don't think Scotland will actually win the World Cup in Argentina, but, obviously, I would love to be proved wrong. I am neither a pessimist nor an optimist. I try to be a realist and I think things will go against Scotland in South America. If the Finals were being held in Europe I think we would have a far greater opportunity of success.

I have no doubt Scotland's tackling will upset some countries in Argentina. There will be weak refereeing and there will be some outrageous errors of judgement by the match officials. We will see all the usual hysterics of foreign players, especially the South Americans, when they are tackled hard and fair.

We have seen it all before, unfortunately, and I think if Scotland try to change their style they will lose a lot of their natural rhythm. I am not suggesting for a minute that Ally MacLeod has collected a bunch of cloggers, but, at the same time, I don't see players such as Bruce Rioch, Asa Hartford, Danny McGrain and Joe Jordan not going in for 50-50 balls.

There isn't much you can do without ball winners. Every country will have them in Argentina. After all, without the ball you aren't going to be much of a breathtaking success, are you?

What else can we expect in Argentina? I think we will again see those incredible acrobats of Brazil doing all sorts of somersaults just outside the penalty box, and inside, too, I suppose, in their efforts to give their superb dead ball players an opportunity to use their skills. It happens in every World Cup and I don't think for one second that it will be any different in this one.

It's a shameful tactic to con the referee . . . and it works with a fair degree of success. The players go at defences at speed, inviting the inevitable tackle. If they lose the ball when the tackle arrives they simply take off in spectacular fashion. It looks bad, the referee agrees . . . and the free-kick or penalty is awarded.

Scotland will have to watch out for these so-called 'professional' tactics. I certainly don't believe Scotland will make the same mistakes they made in the last World Cup Finals in West Germany in '74. Remember, this was the first time the Scots had won through to the final stages in 16 years and they seemed happy enough with that feat alone. It won't be the same this time.

Scottish Notebook by ALEX GORDON

AGAIN . . . BUT WHY?

The European pinacle does not seem to be their main aim. They would appear to prefer success on the home front and, with luck, a couple of trophies are likely to come their way.

Dundee United, too, were a great disappointment. They were paired with little Bold Klub, of Copenhagen in the UEFA Cup and no one saw them failing to do the necessary. However, in their home tie they struggled and took only a single goal advantage to Denmark where they then became one of the bluest shows in town by shambling to a three goal defeat.

Spirit and passion

So, I repeat my earlier question: What the hell is going on in Scottish football? It wasn't that long ago that a trip to Scotland was feared by Continental clubs. They had heard about the spirit and the passion. They knew of the fire and guts and never-say-die spirit of the Scots. Sadly, they come now with victory on their minds . . . or at least a draw.

Aberdeen were applauded for gaining an 0-0 draw with RW Molenbeek in Belgium, but the applause was premature. The Belgians never lost heart or faith in their own ability. They were supremely confident and came to Pittodrie prepared to make up for any earlier mistakes. They won 2-1 and Billy McNeill's men had learned yet another valuable European lesson.

I can remember the days when Scotland used to hand out the lessons to visiting clubs! I recall a night at Easter Road about ten years ago when Hibs were playing Napoli. They were 4-1 down from the first leg in Italy and they were not expected to overthrow the defensive-minded Italians in Edinburgh. Hibs, though, warned that they would be seeking a large victory.

Dino Zoff was the man who faced them that night and I doubt whether he has ever had a busier 90 minutes. He was all over the place as Hibs swept down time after time. He must have been exhausted at the end of the match, which Hibs won by five clear goals.

Take, by comparison, Hibs' UEFA Cup tussle with unknown Swedes Oesters Vaxjoe last season. Hibs won 2-0 at home, thought they could add some more goals to that in the away leg . . . and returned with red faces after a 4-1 walloping from the unrated amateurs.

Things, like they say, can only get better. Last season the clubs promised they would be better prepared this term. And what of next year? Is it worth any club's time taking their place in Europe? Alas, on recent performances it wouldn't seem so.

Most clubs are trying to sort themselves out at club level. They aren't even thinking about Europe. Possibly the Premier League has put too much strain on managers and players. Something has gone wrong somewhere along the line.

The thundering applause that has greeted recent displays by the international team is matched only by the thundering flop of the abysmal performers at club level. . . .

The players are going looking for success. they are desperate to do well and I am certain they will not let their country down. This is a good Scottish pool of players, but it is not without weakness. If there is any Scot who thinks differently then he is simply deluding himself.

The back four didn't look too clever when Czechoslovakia scored their two goals in Prague. The first goal came from a simple corner kick on the right. Archie Gemmill, who will lose more than he wins in the air, was left to try to head the ball clear. He failed, a Czech player, unguarded only two yards from goal, hammered his shot against Alan Rough and there was no Scot around to pick up the rebound. Panenka, coming in like a runaway train, blasted his shot high into the roof of the net.

That was a woeful goal to lose, but only a couple of minutes later Scotland succeeded in losing another which was even worse! There was a sloppy defensive attitude as the Czechs took a free-kick on the left. The ball came over and Gordon McQueen mistimed his header atrociously. Rough stayed on his goal-line, Willie Donachie didn't try to get in front of the Czech attacker and Petras nodded the ball in from six yards.

Mistakes like that will be heavily punished in Argentina. I think it was Jock Stein who said: "Every goal, no matter how it is scored, is the result of a defensive mistake."

No one is going to argue with that, but it must be thoroughly beaten into the Scottish players before the trip to South America. The other goal Scotland lost in their qualifying section came against Czechoslovakia at Hampden when the defence backed off and allowed a Czech player to have a happy-go-lucky effort from about 25 yards and, for once, Hampden was silent that night as the ball slithered into the net with Rough, of the post. Another mistake, another goal lost.

Do Scotland have the players to punish errors in rival defences? I'm sure Joe Jordan will take full advantage of slackness in the air of any of the opposition. On the deck we may not be so quick to capitalise. And will Ally MacLeod play Andy Gray up front alongside Jordan?

People have said they are too similar in style. I put that theory to the Aston Villa striker. He told me: "I'm sorry I can't agree with that at all. I would say Joe is more of a target man than me. He likes to knock the ball down for other forwards to gobble up the chances."

Joe Jordan (dark shirt) in action for Scotland against Wales earlier this season.

News from ITALY by *Keir Radnedge*

Bearzot faces criticism

ITALY'S inevitable progress to the World Cup Finals was greeted with muted enthusiasm.

The reason was, of course, the anti-climactic nature of the last two qualifying ties — the 2-0 defeat by England, and the mere 3-0 win over Luxembourg.

Both were disappointing matches, for separate reasons. But that could benefit manager Enzo Bearzot. At least Italy won't be going to Argentina believing falsely that they are once again world-beaters, and that could do more to spur on the *Azzurri* than had they, say, taken a point or two at Wembley, then run Luxembourg into the ground.

In fact, the recriminations over the Wembley fiasco are continuing.

Bearzot admitted the next day that he had made two vital mistakes. The first was to keep Francesco Graziani on to half-time after he had cut his head early on, the second was to pick Renato Zaccarelli to close-mark Kevin Keegan.

Italy's manager would have done much better had he not panicked before the game — for originally he intended to pick Juventus jack-of-all-trades Antonello Cuccureddu to sit on the Hamburg forward. In that case Keegan might not have been given the free header which provided the first goal, and the result might well have been different.

As for Graziani, Bearzot has great admiration for the way he guides an attack and feared the team would lose some balance without him. As it happened — and as Bearzot virtually admitted afterwards — Graziani was finished with the game as soon as the bandage was wrapped around his head.

Other problems were thrown up by this game, too.

Beforehand, Golden Boy Giancarlo Antognoni had unwisely said that he thought this his big chance to show the critics how he can play up to the big occasion. Well, the big occasion came and went, and Antognoni showed little more than the technical skill we have long known he possesses.

Of any hint that he could take hold of a game, or a team, and turn a game around, there was nothing.

Italy have built quite a reputation again in the past 12 months, yet Brazilian manager Claudio Coutinho, after seeing them against Finland, said he thought only Marco Tardelli worth a place in his own side. One wonders what Coutinho's reaction was after Wembley?

Beforehand there had been a lot of criticism in Italy about the uncertain form in the league of veterans Dino Zoff and Giacinto Facchetti. And poor old Zoff is still taking some stick — even though he had only one save to make against Luxembourg in Rome.

Napoli coach Gianni Di Marzio was brutal in his condemnation of the Juventus goalkeeper after Wembley and Zoff, very rarely needled, allowed himself to be drawn into a public slanging match. Then it was the turn of Giorgio Ghezzi, one-time Inter and Milan and Italy goalkeeper, to say he thought it was about time Bearzot looked elsewhere.

But when? Inter's Ivano Bordon is 26 now and Roma's Paolo Conti has suffered with his team's slump in the league. Zoff's reserve in the Italy squad, Luciano Castellini of Torino, is 32.

Zoff is 35 and, said Ghezzi, "can't be expected to go on forever. Bearzot must accept that at last he is no longer the same goalkeeper". But would you believe that Ghezzi's solution would be the recall of Milan's Ricky Albertosi — and he's 38 (officially)!

I don't see that Bearzot has much option but to stick with Zoff to Argentina — and I think Bearzot feels the same way about Facchetti.

The Inter sweeper was playing his 94th international against England and would dearly love to top 100 before retiring in the summer. He'll probably do so in Argentina, where his experience will be invaluable. But that hasn't stopped Bearzot thinking of alternatives just in case Facchetti isn't up to scratch.

For the past two years Juventus' young Gaetano Scirea has been the unquestioned deputy. But the thigh strain which forced Facchetti to limp away from Wembley also kept him out of the tie with Luxembourg and, with Scirea sidelined because of knee trouble, Bearzot picked Napoli's Lionello Menfredonia as sweeper.

Menfredonia plays stopper with his club, but this isn't the first time Italy have named a man as sweeper out of his club position. Pier Luigi Cera was playing in midfield for Cagliari while he was sweeper for the Italian team which reached the final of the 1970 World Cup in Mexico. In emergency at Wembley, Zaccarelli dropped back as sweeper for the last five minutes — a position in which he has occasionally done well with Torino. But it could be that before Argentina Bearzot will experiment with another midfielder — Milan's Fabio Capello — in the role of last man.

Bearzot thought Facchetti one of Italy's best players against England, but has no doubt about the need to replace him. Bearzot said recently that the present Italy team he was building would not be at its best "until 1980" — when Italy stage the European championship finals — and Facchetti certainly won't be around then.

As we've said, he missed the Luxembourg match, and most of the 85,000 crowd wished they had done so too.

Early goals from Bettega and Graziani seemed to herald a massacre. But after going two-up in 11 minutes it wasn't until midway through the second half that Franco Causio scored a third and many fans were streaming out of the ground long before the end, or whistling in derision.

The Roman holiday never materialised.

There were immediate inquests into whether Bearzot was using the right tactics but fortunately there were plenty of voices too, as there were after Wembley, to insist: "Don't let's destroy 36 months' work on the basis of 90 minutes."

Giacinto Facchetti (left) and Roberto Bettega.

NO ONE HAS escaped accusation following the death of Perugia midfielder Renato Curi in a match against Juventus.

Italian federation doctors at the medical centre at Coverciano, and officials at Perugia and his previous club, Como, are all under suspicion of — at the least — not performing their jobs in a responsible enough manner.

Dr Fino Fini, of Coverciano, says he has no doubt that Curi was fit and healthy enough to play in the league, but an autopsy disclosed that Curi had never recovered fully from an attack of rheumatic fever some years ago.

And, if this seems a morbid subject, it's as well to highlight this case to try to make sure nothing similar happens again. Medical care in Calcio is not what it should be — that was made clear by the death in 1969 of a young Roma forward named Giuseppe Taccola.

With that tragedy still fresh in many people's minds, the death of Curi was unforgivable.

TOP SCORER so far is Paolo Rossi, a 21-year-old centre forward who was with Juventus from 1973 to 1976 without getting a game. Rossi, now with the season's surprise team, Lanerossi Vicenza, moved up to eight with a hat-trick in the 4-3 win over Luis Vinicio's Roma.

* * *

JOSE ALTAFINI is taking Napoli to court. He claims they owe him some £30,000 in lieu of a testimonial for his six years there in the late 1960s.

* * *

VERONA have the oldest average age in the league — 28 years, 10 months — followed by Milan (27-11) and Juventus (27-7). Youngest team are Roma, average 23 years six months.

MILAN MARCH ON

GIANNI RIVERA'S rejuvenated Milan continue to march out in front at the top of the table — while once-respected Bologna and Fiorentina scuffle at the bottom to find some way out of the gloom of the relegation zone.

Milan's lead, as I write, is three points. They have 15, followed by champions Juventus on 12, with Torino, Lanerossi Vicenza and Perugia all on 11.

Rivera is 34 now, and apparently into a second youth, his passing on the pitch being as incisive as his critical barbs when he grants a rare interview.

For example, he was quick to deny reports that he might finish his career playing in the United States — "That's nothing but an elephant's graveyard," he retorted.

Meanwhile he led Milan to a well-deserved 3-1 win over Internazionale in the San Siro derby — a game which set a new Italian receipts record to apparently prove that Milan have at last found their feet after the traumatic events of the past few years.

Nils Liedholm's recall as coach, in tandem with Nereo Rocco, has worked wonders. He has found a blend between the over-optimistic niceties of the Marchioro era and the grim practicalities emphasised when Rocco moved back into the hot seat towards the end of last season, when Milan looked in danger of sliding into the second division.

One of Liedholm's biggest successes has been in the development of full back Aldo Maldera, who is now Milan's top scorer with five goals! Maldera, 24, joined Milan at 18 and had always looked a player in search of a role until Liedholm took over and instructed him in the ways of balancing his defensive responsibilities with his love of going forward.

In fact it was a foul on Maldera which brought the penalty and only goal against Bologna.

Rivera put the kick away with the minimum of fuss. He's had plenty of practice after all. This was his 30th penalty in his 15 years taking the spot kicks, and he's missed only five. Milan hung on to both points despite the sending off of new midfielder Ruben Buriani, and then put them two points ahead of Torino at the top, three clear of Juventus. It's an intriguing, if worrying, feature of the new Milan that of their 17 goals so far this season, only one (!) has been scored by a striker, Egidio Calloni.

There was a suggestion that Milan would borrow Giorgio Chinaglia from New York Cosmos for the winter to boost the forwards, but Italian league regulations forbid that.

And it was Maldera who thus scored again in the 2-1 away win over Pescara. Milan's opponents, promoted only last term, are heading for a quick return to *Serie B*. They have five points, the same as Fiorentina, with Bologna on four, and Roma just ahead of this trio, on seven.

While Pescara were losing at home to Milan, Bologna were going down 1-0 at home to Fiorentina — a bad game to lose, particularly since the only goal was scored by Andrea Orlandini three minutes from the end. Bologna stagger from one crisis to another — they were in similar trouble last season — but for Fiorentina it's something new, and they don't like it at all.

Every bad result increases unsettling rumours that Giancarlo Antognoni will be transferred — would you believe New York Cosmos (yawn, yawn) are supposed to be interested? — and the mid-term signing of one-time Milan striker, Pierino Prati, from Roma, has as yet had little effect.

Coach Carlo Mazzone continues to hang on to his job, with president Ugolini making encouraging noises about his security of tenure. But whether that is to be measured in days, weeks or months depends now on the players.

Meanwhile what of the Turin giants?

Torino continue to disappoint, though they did have a good 1-0 win over Napoli. The scorer of a magnificent goal was Graziani — who had almost been substituted because of injury a few minutes before! But then Torino lost 2-0 away to Perugia, and had Eraldo Pecci sent off, to drop four points behind Milan.

Juventus have been credited with more problems than they deserve, because they form such an integral part of the national team, while Roberto Bettega complains that he's lost his sharpness in front of goal because too much has been expected of him, coach Giovanni Trapattoni insists that Juve's only trouble is a matter of buckling down to the changes in tactics necessary if Pietro Paolo Virdis is to settle in as replacement for the dropped Roberto Boninsegna.

Graziani of Torino

DERICK ALLSOP—of the Daily Mail—sends this report on Asia's World Cup Finalists

IRAN's qualification for Argentina has offered the world tangible proof of their emergence in international football.

On a crisp, clear evening in the magnificent Aryamehr Stadium, they clinched the Asia-Oceania group with a 1-0 victory against Australia.

Five years on, the football revolution is achieving the success Iran once dreamed about. But this, they insist, is only the end of the first chapter . . . that the full story has still to unfold.

IRAN —NEW ERA

The revolution came with a new, ambitious and resourceful Football Federation. The League was established on a national basis and provided the ideal breeding ground for international players.

The national team has duly flourished, initially under the guidance of Frank O'Farrell and currently under Iranian Heshmat Mohajerani. Now Iran, the Asian champions, are in the World Cup finals for the first time.

No fear

For two years Mohajerani was O'Farrell's assistant, a period he values immensely. "It was good experience for me to work with Frank O'Farrell," says Mohajerani. "He organised us, showed us the way. He must share our success."

Mohajerani is confident his side will not be disgraced in Argentina. "We go there fearing no one," he says.

"We don't talk about winning the tournament or even going a long way. But we are sure we will be good representatives for Asia and no one will be able to treat a match against us as a break."

Argentina will, Mohajerani insists, mark the end of his international career. He wants to quit to take a job in club football.

He explains: "We have made great progress with the national team and it has given me considerable personal satisfaction. But I am also interested in the general development of the game in our country.

"Football has taken hold of Iran and now we have a lot to do at club level. This is where I would now like to be involved.

"We must work at our game at all levels. We must work at school and youth level, where we have already made vast improvements. Our players are getting better and will continue to get better."

Iran forward Hassan Roshan, who missed the match against Australia because of a knee injury.

Ali Parvin has played through these historic years of Iranian football. He is 31, the skipper and midfield inspiration of the national team.

He is a small, compact figure, a man with the brain to match his insatiable appetite for work. Against Australia he collected his 81st cap, leaving him just one short of the Iranian record.

He says: "The key to our development was undoubtedly the setting up of the new Federation. It gave us organisation — and that is vital in the modern world of football.

"Frank O'Farrell had the ability to organise. He was a good boss. He pointed us in the right direction. Heshmat Mohajerani has continued that progress and over the last three years the development has been considerable.

"None of this has surprised me. Getting to Argentina is our just reward. I knew it would be possible under the new Federation."

Important

In Argentina Parvin will be as important to the team as the Federation has been to the Iranian game. But there are others too, who are likely to distinguish themselves.

Iran's outstanding forward is 22-year-old Hassan Roshan, an alert, instinctive player who operates on the right. He

Ali Parvin (Iran) crosses for the decisive goal against Australia.

scored the winning goal in Australia but missed the return in Teheran because of a knee injury.

"I was sorry to miss that match," says Roshan. "It was a big day for us. But the important thing is that we won and are going to Argentina. Now I must concentrate on getting fit again."

Potential

Top European clubs have already recognised the potential in Iranian players. Bayern Munich tried to lure left winger Reza Adelkhani to West Germany and a posse of Spanish clubs wanted right-back Hassan Nazari, the man they compared with Paul Breitner.

But both prefer to stay with their families and the Iranian revolution . . . and wait for the crock of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Nazari, 22, says: "I am ambitious, I want to do well in the game. But the standard is getting higher all the time here and professionalism is coming, therefore there is no real point in moving to Europe."

The cynics say Iran are already professionals. It is rumoured the players were on £10,000 to reach the finals. The Iranians say that figure is an exaggeration.

But clearly finance is no problem to this oil-rich nation, where soccer is an obsession no tonly with the Shah's subjects but also with his heir, Crown Prince Reza.

The main, 100,000 all-seat stadium stands in the Aryamehr complex on the outskirts of Teheran; a piece of man-made splendour spread beneath nature's offering, the breathtaking Alborz mountains.

A couple of miles away is the competitors' village built for the Asian Games. For a year this has virtually been home for Iran's football squad.

The day Iranians called D-day was Friday, November 25. Friday is the day of worship and football and this Friday was especially significant in both senses.

Pilgrims

The pilgrims were returning from Mecca and at 4 pm Iran faced Australia knowing a win would complete the long trek to Argentina.

In the preliminary group and the Asia-Oceania group proper they had already played 10 matches, with a record of eight wins, two draws and only two goals conceded, those in the drawn home game against the Koreans.

Anything short of victory against Australia would have sent them into a deciding game in Kuwait, a prospect they clearly didn't relish. Visiting teams tend to have players sent off there, say the Iranians.

As the players left their camp that Friday afternoon they kissed and walked under the Muslim bible. On the bus they were joined for the short journey to the stadium by relatives, friends and anyone else who could fight his way on board.

Spirits were high — and fairly reflected the mood of a nation.

The air of expectancy generated by the 100,000 crowd in the stadium distinctly affected Iran's play in the first half. They were over-cautious, afraid of making the one mistake that might crush the work of the revolution to dust.

Yet before them stood an Australian side inferior in almost every department.

Naive

Their general play was clumsy and naive; they were vulnerable at the back and unimaginative in midfield.

Their one source of danger was Adrian Alston, the lanky striker of some Luton and Cardiff fame. But he was left hopelessly short of support and Australia's chance was consequently gone.

Australia's performance in West Germany in 1974 rightly injected optimism for the future, but since then they have gone back and coach Jimmy Shoulder, the 30-year-old Englishman, is unlikely to be retained.

Iran played composed, creative football. Parvin had splendid midfield partners in the subtle, hard-shooting Ghasempour and the teasing Sadeghi.

Fittingly it was Parvin, just before half-time, who created the precious goal with a right wing run and cross for centre-forward Jahani to bundle in. It was greeted with a thunderous roar of relief as much as joy and a shower of oranges.

In the second half Iran, more relaxed, overran Australia and should have increased their lead. Their weakness was in front of goal, but then Roshan was watching from the sidelines.

Mobbed

At the end the players were mobbed and Mohajerani was carried away in triumph. Everyone celebrated with tea and mandarins and then the players filed up to the Crown Prince for personal congratulations.

Back at the camp they were soon discussing the build-up to Argentina. They plan an extensive European tour and hope to send assistant coach Asghar Sharafi to England to work with and study the coaching methods of one of our top teams.

"We were very impressed with England when they beat Italy," says Sharafi. "They are obviously on their way back and can teach us a lot."

"Remember, getting to Argentina isn't all we are interested in. We want to go further — this is only a little of what we can achieve."

Austria beat Turkey 1-0 in Izmir to qualify for the World Cup Finals. Pictured is Breitenberger of Austria (left) in action against a Turkish defender.

FENERBAHCE PUNISHED

from Hasan Cemali

ONLY 7,000 people turned up to watch Turkey's last World Cup qualifying round match, against East Germany. Austria, of course, had already qualified from Group Three.

For this match Turkey were without Ali Kemal, Engin and Gokmen. In the 30th minute Schade put the better organised East German side ahead.

Poor goalkeeping by Eser was one of the weak points in the Turkish team and in the second half he was replaced by Rasim.

Hoffmann scored number two for Germany in the 63rd minute and Volkan replied for Turkey nine minutes from the end.

Turkey: Eser (Rasim); Turgay Erol, Fatih, Erdogan, Volkan, Isa, Onder, Oner, Cemil (Sedat), Mustafa (B).

East Germany: Croy; Kische, Domer, Weise, Weber, Schade, Hafner, Lindemann, Reidiger, Streich (Pommerenke), Hoffmann (Sparwasser).

League leaders Fenerbahce were embarrassed in Istanbul when they could only draw 1-1 with Altay of Izmir.

Upset at several decisions by the referee irate fans rioted after one fan had punched the official. Police had difficulty controlling the mob. Some cars were turned over and the Press entrance was stoned.

As a result of these incidents the Football League Disciplinary Committee closed the Fenerbahce ground (Inonu Stadium) for two league matches. Fenerbahce were forced to play twice in Ankara.

The President of Fenerbahce, Faruk Ilgaz, announced: "We are punished unjustly because of shameful demonstrations. The mob created terror and endangered the lives of thousands. It was a plot."

Bosko Kajganic

BOSKO KAJGANIC, the Yugoslavian goalkeeper of Turkish club Galatasaray, has been killed in a car crash. Kajganic, formerly of Red Star Belgrade, was driving to Yugoslavia to visit his family when his car crashed with a bus 10 miles from Istanbul. He died immediately while two friends who were travelling with him suffered only minor injuries.

The day before the fatal accident Kajganic was chosen as the "super player of the week" after his performance against Samsunspor. The loss of Kajganic, 28, is a terrible blow to Galatasaray. When he was transferred to Galatasaray this season the then team manager Malcolm Allison referred to him as the best goalkeeper in Turkey.

Special meeting for Hong Kong

The Asian Football Confederation called an extraordinary meeting of congress in Hongkong on December 11 to discuss the ultimatum from FIFA . . . and the odds are very much against a favourable settlement of the dispute.

The Hongkong-based vice-president of the AFC, Mr Henry Fok, announced the special meeting late last month but predicted that the congress would stick with their original decision to admit China as a member and expel Taiwan and Israel.

He said the bone of contention in the dispute was the AFC's decision to amend its rules. He holds that this did not require FIFA approval, unlike the original constitution of the AFC, which had to be submitted to the world body.

It will take a three-quarters majority to rescind the original Congress decision made two years ago to admit China and it seems impossible that this will be achieved.

There seems now little likelihood of averting a clash between the AFC and FIFA over the China issue.

Former Galatasaray manager Malcolm Allison, en route to the United States where he is to coach in Memphis.

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News from West Germany by Arthur Rotmil

Two places for Schön to decide

Helmut Schön, team manager of West Germany, pictured during his country's match against Italy.

FEW if any managers of those national teams who have qualified for next year's World Cup finals are in the happy position of West Germany's Helmut Schön. The chief of the title holders has already pencilled in at least nine players who, barring any unforeseen events (like serious injury), are certain to represent their country in Argentina.

Only one position in midfield and one on the wing are not definitely filled. Though Herr Schön continued to experiment with other members of his squad, as was evident in the recent international v. Switzerland (4-1), it can be taken for granted that goalkeeper Sepp Maier, the defensive block of Berti Vogts, Manfred Kaltz, Rolf Rüssmann and Bernhard Dietz, the midfielders Heinz Flohe and Rainer Bonhof, plus the forwards Rüdiger Abramczik and Klaus Fischer are certain of their places. After the disappointing display by Erich Beer against the Italians a first cap was given to Manfred Burgsmüller (27) (Borussia Dortmund) in the match v. Switzerland. He did quite well, though the opposition was not as tough as can be expected at the highest level.

Entrusted

On the left wing Schön tried again Wolfgang Seel (Fortuna Düsseldorf), but his position is likely to be entrusted to either Georg Volkert (Hamburger SV) or more probably to Karl-Heinz Rummenigge (Bayern Munich). This brilliant winger who was the star of the game with Italy and indeed scored the winner, was not selected for the Swiss test because he had been sent off the previous Saturday in the *Bundesliga* match against 1860 Munich for insulting the referee.

Curiously enough the new centre forward sensation Klaus Fischer was also dismissed for the same offence when his club Schalke

MÖNCHENGLAD

On the domestic front the major topic is the return to top form of the champions Borussia Mönchengladbach. Within a fabulous eight days they celebrated successive triumphs over Eintracht Brunswick away (6-0), Red Star Belgrade (5-1) and Saarbrücken (6-1). Their strikers Allan Simonsen and Jupp Heynckes have hit truly superb form and their scoring exploits have mainly contributed to Gladbach's march to challenge the leaders.

These were Cologne, who at last have strung together several steady performances, with centre forward Dieter Müller outstanding. He still topped the Bundesliga scorers' list, but at international level too, the big striker continued to impress. His hat-trick helped the B-team to a 4-0 win over the Swiss B-side at Kaiserslautern, on the eve of the full international.

By contrast the former European Cup holders and current world club champions Bayern Munich are again experiencing one of their periodical slumps, which seem to beset this famous club with alarming frequency. Knocked out by Second Division FC Homburg, the Bavarians suffered the "ignominy" of losing to the bottom club and local rivals 1860 Munich.

Before a capacity crowd of 77,700 in the Olympic stadium the promoted "Lions" won by 3-1, to register their first success of the season after 15 games! Incidentally, a feature of this term has been the continued high interest in the championship. In that 15th round the gates totalled 320,000 for nine games, for an average of 35,500 per match. There were 70,000 in Gelsenkirchen to see Schalke — Borussia Mönchengladbach, 56,000 turned out for Cologne — Kaiserslautern and the aforementioned 77,700 in Munich.

Nothing illustrates the Bayern crisis better than the fact that for the first time in ten years the national team took the field without a single Bayern player! I must add however, that of the current internationals, goalkeeper Sepp Maier was rested in favour of Wolfgang Franke (Eintracht Brunswick), while Rummenigge was omitted on account of his dismissal in a club match.

The Munich men hit new depth of calamity when in the UEFA Cup they were thrashed by Eintracht Frankfurt by 4-0. And if the Frankfurters had applied more pressure, it could have been seven or eight. No one could remember seeing such a poor Bayern team and in fact only Sepp Maier in superlative form prevented a catastrophe.

Three days later Frankfurt repeated the dose to the letter in a *Bundesliga* match again punishing Bayern by 4-0! Curiously the reporters did not rave so much about Eintracht's performance — theirs was a normal display, it was Bayern who were simply awful.

Volkert (11) is fouled by an Italian player during the recent meeting of the two countries which West Germany won 2-1.

played Borussia Dortmund.

But in Fischer's case an exception was made since his offence had not yet been dealt with by the DFB disciplinary committee, and he was allowed to remain in the national squad! Lucky Fischer, lucky Germany, lucky Helmut Schön! For this ebullient striker scored two marvellous goals and hit a post for good measure.

Fischer's second strike which made the final score 4-1 was a spectacular affair described as a "goal of the year": Abramczik, his club colleague, swept past a Swiss defender and centred, while Fischer ran into position and with an acrobatic overhead bicycle kick from a horizontal position he lashed the ball unstoppably under the bar. Even the Swiss players applauded!

After the match when Helmut Schön was asked by reporters if he had ever seen a better goal, he replied: "Yes, I scored one just like that, when we beat Hungary by 7-0 in 1941, but Fischer's was rather more dynamic . . .". In the same interview Schön stated that West Germany's preparations for the World Cup finals are just as advanced as they had been at this stage before the 1974 series. "But we have some tough testing games ahead", warned the *Bundestrainer*. He also reaffirmed that his team is taking shape:

"What pleases me most is that despite changes in the line-up, our teamwork remains unaffected. In the coming friendly internationals against England, Russia, Brazil and Sweden we must show how strong we are. Against such opposition we can even afford to lose a game or two. We have only been beaten twice since winning the World Cup and after our successful tour of South America some experts have proclaimed us as favourites to win the world title again — and this role I don't like at all," added Schön.

Tremendous interest aroused a phone call from Franz Beckenbauer to Helmut Schön and his subsequent visit to Germany to discuss the possibility of his participation in the World Cup series. Beckenbauer, who watched England beat Italy at Wembley, rang Schön from London and then travelled to Frankfurt for the UEFA Cup tie Eintracht-Bayern Munich, to confer with the national chief.

Schön apparently has made the condition of Beckenbauer's return, that his club Cosmos New York release him for all the remaining preparatory internationals and also the training camp. But to this extensive programme the American club may not agree, or they would next summer see very little of the star player!

BACH CELEBRATE

The club had then slumped to 16th place in the 18-team League. Desperate to strengthen their hopelessly disorganised defence, the management were trying to sign the Dutch World Cup star Wim Rijsbergen (25) from Feyenoord Rotterdam. Chief coach Dettmar Cramer travelled to Holland to check on the form of this excellent defender and there was even talk that Bayern were making an approach to Leeds United for their Scottish international centre back Gordon McQueen.

But whether these players would be willing to join a club with a long history of internal strife and player power, that is another matter. At the moment Bayern can't get any players from the Bundesliga to play for them and even received a refusal from a Second Division player!

It is obvious that, as they say in the German soccer slang, "the chair of team boss Cramer is rocking". Cramer's name was linked recently with Hamburg where the assistant coach Arkoc Oeczan has taken over temporarily from the suspended Rudi Gutendorf who is unlikely to be re-engaged. Oeczan, a former Turkish international goalkeeper, has served Hamburg for many years and he is well liked by the players.

Slump

He could help the team out of its present predicament, but Hamburg have definitely hit a slump and more upheavals may be on the way following the sudden departure of the controversial general manager Dr. Peter Krohn, as I already reported in last month's *WORLD SOCCER*.

Hamburg even lost interest in the "Super-Cup" — a contest staged home and away between the winners of the Champions Cup and the Cup Winners tournament. In the first leg in Germany against Liverpool half the Hamburg team were missing! The internationals Kargus, Volkert and Nogly, plus Reimann and Hidien, did not play for various reasons, so that Liverpool cruised to a comfortable 1-1 draw. A crowd of only 20,000 turned up for this farce and that says just about everything about the status of the Hamburger SV at present.

Just before the half-way mark three teams were occupying the top of table: Cologne, Borussia Mönchengladbach and Kaiserslautern, but most experts are convinced that only Borussia and Cologne have a real chance of lifting the title. Schalke's effort faded even though they strengthened their defence by signing Manfred Ritschel and the Dutch World Cup star Wim Suurbier (32). He left Ajax Amsterdam in the wake of other top players anxious to make money in the twilight of their careers.

From ERIC WEILL

River Plate— champions again

RIVER PLATE won the Argentine First Division for the 14th time in November — which is more than any other club and twice more than their close rivals Boca Juniors — since professional soccer began here in 1931.

It would have been the upset of the century if they had not won it. Facing bottom FC Oeste — already doomed to relegation several week earlier — and needing only a draw to make sure, they had no difficulty in running up a 4-0 lead after getting over their initial nervousness and after their rivals had a player sent off within 27 minutes to assist them further. The two goals FC Oeste scored in the last 17 minutes no longer mattered, but the story of this match could be the story of the championship.

River Plate, without playing exceptionally well, nor showing up well as a team, won the game and the title because they have some of the outstanding players in Argentina's mediocre league soccer — goalkeeper Fillol, defender Passarella, half J. Lopez, forward Luque to name a few. River Plate had their ups and downs and poor patches — some caused by internal problems — like most clubs in this lengthy 44-match tournament, but they finished with a run of 11 unbeaten games (7 wins, 4 draws) and as top scorers with 83 goals.

River Plate faced their last stiff hurdle in the previous game — against defending champions Boca Juniors on the latter's field. They got over it with a goal from Pedro Gonzalez — another outstanding player on his day — for a 2-1 win.

Runners-up Independiente were unbeaten in their last 14 games (9 wins, 4 draws) and scored only one less. Their lethal scoring bursts, spearheaded by international Bertoni, made them a powerful contender and a two-point difference after 44 games does not really indicate any superiority on River Plate's part. Third-placed Velez Sarsfield, who led at the halfway stage, were also unbeaten in their last 13 games, but they drew too many matches — the last six and nine of the 13. Velez rarely played like champions however and had little more than a good offside trap to commend them.

On the other hand, 1976 champions Boca Juniors often did look like retaining their title in spite of their unattractive style. Yet they fielded reserves in 16 matches — mostly while concentrating on winning the Libertadores Cup — and although their excellent reserve team picked up valuable points, it was too much of a handicap and they finished joint fourth, 10 points behind River Plate — a difference they would surely have made up in these 16 games with a full strength team.

Twelve clubs (apart from FC Oeste) were still in danger of filling one of the three relegation places on the last day with six of them meeting . . . Union, Estudiantes and Racing won by one goal margins to make sure of survival . . . so did Gimnasia y Esgrima de La Plata with a 2-2 draw, but the gift of a 4-3 victory over Newell's Old Boys reserves a few days earlier left a nasty taste.

Newell's, as well as Boca Juniors, had been fielding reserves in their last few games to give their first team a rest in readiness for the national championship while they had nothing to fight for. The Argentine FA had requested them not to do so in fairness to relegation threatened clubs, some of whom they played. But the FA could do no more than ask, there being no ruling on the matter, and Boca and Newell's took no notice.

FC Oeste's relegation left a certain amount of sadness for those who have the future of Argentine soccer at heart. They are one of the few clubs where professional soccer has not been allowed to overshadow other sports, nor drain the club of more funds than it produces. It did not work. FC Oeste had been bottom all season and they were joined on the way down by Temperley and Lanus — the latter after a controversial playoff against Platense.

This play off, between the two clubs promoted this season, was decided by the unsavoury post-match penalty rule after no goals were scored even in extra time . . . but it was wrongly decided. The rule about a different player taking each penalty until all eleven had their turn and changing ends after the first series of five each was not complied with. Losers Lanus "discovered" the rules the next day, protested to the FA and wanted the penalty series to be re-taken, but . . . no go! Another rule says that the referee's decision in such matters is always final, even if he is wrong. Well known international referee Barreiro was suspended for his mistake, but protesting Lanus go down . . . for being right and wrong (?).

While Rosario Central finished with the best defence (35 goals against), Racing, San Lorenzo and Lanus scored fewest (43) and FC Oeste let through most (95). Argentinos Juniors' Carlos Alvarez ended as top scorer, followed by Robles (Newell's Old Boys), Avallay (Chacarita Juniors), Bertoni (Independiente) and Roldan (Velez Sarsfield) 22. In 506 matches a total of 1,349 goals were scored — an average of 2.7.

A total of 186 players were sent off with four clubs (Temperley, Boca Juniors, Banfield, Estudiantes de La Plata) leading with 13 each, while Rosario Central had only two and their neighbours in Santa Fe province, Newell's and Union four.

Boca Juniors goalkeeper Gatti fails to stop Passarella's penalty equaliser for River Plate just before half-time. The classic meeting of Argentina soccer was won 2-1 by River Plate with a last minute goal.

● IN BRAZIL, where a recent count showed 269 first division teams (in the various state leagues), some 12,000 professional players and eight stadiums for more than 100,000 spectators — led by the giant Maracana for 200,000 in Rio — the national championship is currently in progress.

The country's 62 leading clubs are divided into six first round sections which had almost been completed at press time with leading teams already qualified for the next round such as Rio's Vasco da Gama, Fluminense, Flamengo and Botafogo, Sao Paulo's Palmeiras and Corintians, Porto Alegre's Internacional and Gremio and Minas Gerais' Atletico. In this championship clubs are awarded an extra point for matches won by more than two-goal margins.

● IN CHILE, Hungarian coach Ferenc Puskas resigned as manager of popular Colo after they lost 3-2 to bottom Antofagasta, but their slide continued and the one-time leaders are now out of contention with four games to go and six points behind two-point leaders Union Española . . . IN URUGUAY the season's Major League champions, Nacional, and last year's First Division champions, Defensor, are the joint First Division leaders at the half-way stage after the former drew 1-1 with classical rivals Peñarol who are a point behind . . . IN COLOMBIA Deportivo Cali won the "Finalizacion", the second of two annual championships, and are presently engaged in the six-team title playoff with Atletico Junior, Millionarios, Nacional, Independiente Santa Fe and Bucaramanga . . . IN PARAGUAY Cerro Porteño won the First Division with three games to go after second-placed defending champions, Libertad, fell away badly, picking up only two points in their last five games . . . IN VENEZUELA Portuguesa, champions for the last three years, were heading the top six Professional League teams into the final round with a six-point lead and one match to go at press time.

Arpino blows the gaff . . .

The BRIAN GLANVILLE column

GIOVANNI ARPINO is one of the best known novelists in Italy. He is also, in a somewhat idiosyncratic, lyrical way, a well known football journalist, writing for the Turin newspaper, *La Stampa*. Now, he has fused his two occupations to produce a novel called *Azzurro Tenebra* — Dark and Sombre Blue, I suppose you could call it; it's a play on words, *azzurri* being the name for the Italian national team. As a novel, one could scarcely place it with its best; it is something of a self-indulgence, an uneasy fictionalising — if even that — of fact; the story of Italy's ill starred participation in the World Cup of 1974. What it does do, on page 150, is blow the gaff on that unhappy episode at Stuttgart, when the Italians did their best, or worst, to bribe the Poles; and failed.

Arpino, calling himself in the book "Arp," a professor of literature rather than a novelist, does not give us the three dimensional picture, but he tells us a good deal; and he seems to have raised scarcely a ripple in Italy. "Because we know it's all true," an Italian journalist jested to me, when I was last in Italy, just before the book emerged.

It is half time in the Italy v. Poland game, the Italians two goals down. "Arp" suddenly notices a photographer, whom he calls Walf, climbing up the stairs to the Press box. He makes room for Walf to sit beside him; the photographer is clearly in a most agitated state, mouth open, eyes swollen. For a time he cannot even speak. At last he says, "I'd only tell you about this, Prof. You can tell whoever you trust, but if you stay silent, it's better. And don't drag me into it. I don't know anything about it, understand?" In the Italian dressing-room, he goes on, there were incredible scenes. "The chiefs . . . They got hold of that poor devil Petruzzu (the name used throughout to designate Pietro Anastasi, then the Italy and Juventus centre-forward) shouting at him: offer Gorgon (Poland's centre-back) whatever he wants, talk to him, tell him to slacken off.

"But you understand? To Petrus, who went out like a soul in torment. And then menaces, threats. I'll finish your career. I'll kill the lot of you, shouted a voice. I'll send you back to the provinces. Criminal behaviour! Pure delirium."

Petruzzu? asks Arp. And what then? This is where a curtain comes discreetly down on the proceedings. Walf says he doesn't know; he left the dressing-room. He heard Petruzzu yelling that he didn't understand a thing. "Scenes from the Inferno."

Arp says mildly that if someone lost his head, it was to be understood, to which Walf responds, "And send a player out to deal with Gorgon? What do you do? Put a cheque book in his hand?"

Strong stuff, but if one's reaction is to turn from it with a cynical shrug, perhaps one may be forgiven. What, at the time, did FIFA do? What did the Italian Press do, but shriek and bleat when I published the tale in the *Sunday Times* that it was all a monstrous libel? What, for the matter of that, did the Poles themselves do? Casimir Gorski first blew the whistle on the Italians, in an interview with a Warsaw daily newspaper, then made the journalist retract, clearly under pressure from above, whose exact location was a matter for some mystery.

MEANWHILE, the Lobo-Solti Affair grinds on; or doesn't. There is little doubt that there are those in UEFA who are not, shall we say, fanatically enthusiastic to pursue it. A UEFA official told me recently, with a sad, wry smile, how difficult it was; there were Juventus, still protesting that they had nothing whatsoever to do with Dezso Solti. That this is quite untrue was proved when, in the "Sunday Times", Keith Botsford and I published a document signed by Solti in January, 1971 on behalf of Juventus agreeing with Twente Enschede on the dates for their European Fairs Cup tie.

This, as I concede, does not automatically prove that it was Juventus who sent Solti to try to bribe the Portuguese referee Lobo in March, 1973 to favour them against Derby County, but it proves they have told substantially less than the truth. If UEFA think that the matter will gracefully die – "thou shalt not kill but needs not strive officiously to keep alive" – let me assure them that they are wrong. Nor, as things stand, are they doing themselves the remotest credit.

DAVID MILLER'S plan in the *Daily Express* for a small European League based on the present UEFA Cup appears to have died the death. At a substantially attended lunch in London, where we saw the likes of Matt Busby, Van Praag, the President of Ajax, Ton Van Dalen, the estimable young manager of Twente Enschede, once a poor scribbler like myself, Willy Waddell of Rangers and Hand Bangerter of UEFA, the project seemed to slip into an early grave. Bangerter, speaking at the end of the lunch on behalf of UEFA, had a number of objections. The extra date involved would be a deterrent; so would the exclusion of the lesser fry from the tournament, and the fact that those clubs which made a bad beginning in the League would have poor crowds.

For my own part, I find the scheme ingenious but curiously uninteresting, partly perhaps because I have long since ceased to have much interest in the idea of European League since it became clear it could never be run on a full scale (the various Championships just could not afford the loss of their greatest clubs), partly because the UEFA Cup is, as was pointed out at the lunch, after all the junior of the three competitions. A further objection is that we already have far too much football, and the extension of the UEFA Cup into a league would mean that more clubs were playing more games.

GIORGIO CHINAGLIA was over in London for the England v. Italy game. He worked as a television commentator, providing "colour," or comment, for sixteen stations in North America, 13 of them in the United States. Thanks to his close friendship with Steve Ross, the head of Warner Communications, there is no doubt that Chinaglia, once a Swansea free transfer, is the Grey Eminence of the New York Cosmos club.

He told me that he felt the retirement of Pele would make no difference at all to their success, in which the building of the remarkable Meadowbank Stadium in New Jersey had been of cardinal importance. 18,000 season tickets had already been sold, and he was confident that the total would be in the area of 35-40,000. I asked him if it were true that the Cosmos were to pay half a million dollars for Rivelino. There would be no South Americans coming to the club, he replied. Players operating in the Bundesliga seem, however, to be especially attractive to American clubs, and by the time you read this, negotiations may have been completed for the transfer of Der Bomber himself, Gerd Muller, to the Dallas Tornado.

A robust, humorous, uncompromising figure, with a certain endearing residue of boyishness, Chinaglia is still the Carrarese that he always was, the Tuscan from the marble quarries, where men are known for their intransigence.

Cruyff still an enigma

THAT SPAIN'S World Cup tie with Yugoslavia should turn into such a battle will hardly surprise *World Soccer* readers who know how often the theme of violence turns up in Spanish soccer.

When ex-international centre-forward Alfredo Megido was transferred on loan recently from Betis Seville to Bordeaux in France he spelled out his distaste for this seamy side in saying: "I'm so glad to be escaping all the violence."

And those few people who dismissed his comments as sour grapes were soon put in their place by the astonishing scenes in the Barcelona derby between Espanol and CF Barcelona.

Two players were sent off, seven others were booked and riot police were brought into the fray shortly before the end when a skirmish between Barcelona's Johan Neeskens and Espanol's Brazilian forward, Jeremias, rapidly escalated into a mass pitched battle.

Was all this because the referee waited too long before using the red card? Hardly. He sent off Barcelona's Juanjo for a foul after only six minutes, and Espanol's Fernandez Amado after 20!

Just for the record, the bookings were for Jeremias, Verdugo and Ferrer (Espanol) and Sanchez, Juan Carlos, Heredia, Johan Cruyff and Neeskens (Barcelona). Barcelona very nearly snatched both points, too. Neeskens put them ahead after 76 minutes, only for the unpredictable Francisco Flores to equalise with two minutes to go.

Cruyff has been in strange form this season. Sometimes, as in the first leg of the UEFA Cup-tie against Ipswich, he seems completely disinterested. On other occasions, such as the return against Ipswich, and in the 3-1 win over Sevilla when he made two goals, he lives up to his reputation as the best player still involved in top-level competition.

Certainly, an old leg injury has started to slow him down, and the multi-million dollar offer from New York Cosmos must have caused him to think again about his wish to retire at the season's end.

But he was in superb form in the top of the table clash against Real Madrid — little good though it did Barcelona. Playing before 95,000 of their own fans, they were surprisingly beaten 3-2, allowing Madrid to open a five-point gap at the top of the table. Not the farewell president Agustin Montal would have wished.

He ended his seven-year reign with this match, retiring after an era which promised far more than was achieved. Montal will go down in Barcelona history as the man who signed Cruyff — but all in all he must consider one league title poor reward for an investment of several million pounds.

Madrid, of course, couldn't have cared less as they confirmed their recovery under Luis Molowny. Before the Barcelona game they beat Valencia 1-0 at home, won 3-2 away to Real Sociedad in San Sebastian, and beat Cup-holders Betis 4-0.

The Valencia match saw the return to the stadium which bears his name of president Santiago Bernabeu, after a serious illness. Alfredo di Stefano was also there, and described the quality of the game as "horrible", but Madrid were pleased with two points considering they were without flu victim Pirri and had to give a league debut to third-choice goalkeeper Amador.

Carlos Santillana hit two against San Sebastian and one more against Betis, to join Valencia's Mario Kempes at the top of the scorers' list with 11 goals from 11 games. Another scorer against Betis was Ulli Stielike, with his first in the league since his transfer from Borussia Moenchengladbach.

Not so happy are neighbours Atletico, for the Champions' Cup quarter-finalists are twelfth in the 18-club table. Coach Luis Aragones blames the slump on injuries to forwards Ruben Ayala and Leivinha and suspensions which have piled up for Luis Pereira, Jose Luis Capon, Eusebio Bejerano and several others.

Pereira, the big Brazilian sweeper coveted by Bayern Munich, has been sent off in both European and domestic competition.

Atletico's form fluctuates wildly. Having lost 3-0 away to Las Palmas, they beat Salamanca 4-2, then went down 3-0 away to Seville. It's not surprising they have thought about borrowing back Ruben Diaz from Racing of Buenos Aires. Diaz, a temperamental but talented all-round defender, returned home to Argentina last summer after several years with Atletico, but is now out in the cold because of a pay row.

Atletico are in a bunch of half a dozen clubs all on the fringe of the relegation zone, where Cadiz are already favourites to go down, having sacked manager Enrique Mateos, a hero a few months back when they were promoted.

SPAIN — WORLD

SPA BUT TIE

AT LAST, after an absence of 12 years, Spain are back in the World Cup Finals — thanks to a goal from a man, Ruben Cano, who was in Argentina's squad of 40 in 1974!

But the 1-0 win over Yugoslavia before a hostile 95,000 crowd in Belgrade's Red Star stadium was as degrading a match as one could have wished not to see.

As one UEFA official told me later: "It made me ashamed to be a football supporter".

The savage and wilful violence, the evil kicking and hacking which went virtually unchecked by English referee Ken Burns, stemmed in large measure from the Yugoslavs. But the Spaniards were in no way blameless and some of the crude attempts at tackles to defend their goal looked like something straight out of 'Rollerball'.

It was all very well for Spanish Federation president, Pablo Porta, to say later that a protest would be despatched to UEFA. As far as the objects which were chucked on to the pitch and, above all, the bottle which nearly decapitated Juanito, were concerned, he was very much in the right.

But not all the horrific anti-football could be blamed on the Yugoslavs. The game was bad-tempered in every way. Inside the first minute Juanito was trading kicks with Kustudic and the first casualty, after an unlucky 13 minutes, was Spanish skipper Pirri, playing in his 36th international.

Still, first to set the scene.

This was the final match of European group eight, with Yugoslavia needing to win by at least two goals to go on to Argentina. Anything less, and the Spaniards would go through — a scenario made possible by the Yugoslavs' remarkable 6-4 win in Rumania a couple of weeks before.

This was Spain's most important match for years, since a third successive failure to reach the Finals would have opened the way for all sorts of unhappy inquests, inquiries and consequent further lowering of morale.

At least they went into the match with an excellent record against the Yugoslavs. Only once in eight matches between the two nations had they lost — though that was the play-off to decide who went through to the Finals in West Germany more than three years ago.

Yugoslavia, for their part, had been through hell and high water since Miljan Miljanic led them in 1974. Many of their best players had, as usual, gone abroad and they had gone through three national team managers in the meantime, missing their best chance of glory by finishing fourth in hosting the European championship finals in 1976.

Marko Valok, the one-time Partizan

IN QUALIFY BELGRADE S A BRAWL

by Keir Radnedge

Belgrade forward, had now been entrusted with the job, and found himself on a hiding to nothing with Yugoslavia's World Cup hopes having virtually evaporated in their early matches. A home defeat by Rumania had killed them off — so even the Slavs thought, until their win in Bucharest.

Their World Cup hopes thus reborn, it was a young new team who came out to face Spain. No Dzajic, no Bogicevic, no Oblak — only Danilo Popivoda from Eintracht Braunschweig of the foreign legion, and only goalkeeper Ivan Katalinic and skipper and midfield general Ivica Surjak had earned any sort of reputation outside Yugoslavia.

Spain fielded yet another shaken-up team. Ladislao Kubala, the former Hungarian, Czech and Spanish international forward, used 25 players in Spain's four qualifying ties, and if consistent team building has been largely non-existent, it does make Spain a most awkward side to plan against.

For this match he decided to go back to a team based on league leaders Real Madrid. This meant retaining Pirri as sweeper, Jose Camacho at left back and Juanito on the right wing, but adding goalkeeper Miguel Angel and defender Isidoro San Jose and including Carlos Santillana — the league's equal top scorer — among the substitutes, after a year or more in the wilderness.

Miguel Angel hadn't even started the season as Madrid's first-choice goalkeeper, and San Jose had played only about ten first-team matches at right back before Kubala decided to include him for his debut — in midfield.

The kicking started in the first minute, with Juanito and Kustudic. Whether it was a matter of nerves, or the desire on each side to demonstrate determination, hardly matters now.

What is fact is that referee Burns booked four Spaniards to one Yugoslav — Cardenosa for kicking the ball away at a free kick, Cano and Marcelino for ugly tackles, and Juanito for impeding the taking of a free-kick; also Muzinic, for bringing down Juanito.

It is also fact that the game finished, and while many officials and fans wondered if it would have been better to have abandoned it, the referee's duty is to see a game completed where possible.

Should Burns have sent someone off? That's a bit like asking whether he wanted to leave the stadium alive. Certainly, by half-time both sides were so incensed at each other's indiscriminate kicking that an expulsion or two might have produced one almighty explosion and killed off the match as a serious World Cup-tie with a great deal of kudos and cash at stake.

In the 13th minute Pirri was twice hacked down and had to limp out of the battle. And scarcely had Olmo taken his place, than the Barcelona man needed to clear a Kustudic header off the goal-line with Miguel Angel beaten.

As often happens when one team is intent on forcing the pace, it is often their opponents — taking advantage of breakaways — who fashion the clearer chances, and so it was here. Cano, the 25-year-old Atletico Madrid centre-forward who so nearly played for Argentina in the competition four years ago, had two reasonable chances before the interval. The first time he shot wide, the second time he chose to pass the ball on to club-mate Leal, whose shot was blocked.

In the second half the Yugoslavs grew more and more ragged as they saw their hopes rapidly fading and, in the 71st minute, Spain snapped into attack for the only goal.

Juanito clipped a long pass up the left for Cardenosa, who caught up with it just as the ball was about to cross the dead-ball line. The Betis man hit back a marvellous centre which Cano, running in beyond the far post, met first time on the angle to leave Katalinic all over the place.

Their chance of qualifying now virtually dead, the Yugoslavs put even more steel into their tackling. Five minutes after the goal Juanito limped off for treatment, and was knocked down as a bottle slung from the crowd broke over his head. He was carried unconscious to hospital for a dozen stitches in a gash, coming round to ask: "Are we in Argentina?"

Indeed they are — to the delight not only of Spain, but of Argentina, too, who are relying on immigrant interest of Italian and Spanish families to help assure the outward success of the Finals, even if financially they will provide a massive loss.

The Yugoslavs had their chances. One shot hit the woodwork, and Muzinic got the ball into the net only for the goal to be disallowed because Kustudic had been standing offside.

Kubala said afterwards he'd never been worried that Spain would be beaten.

"But it's all down to the players, to their character and determination, that we succeeded. Don't give me any bouquets for it. Just let me work in peace and get on with my job. I knew we could do it — and I was proved right.

"I'm pleased for everyone — particularly for those who believed we could do it. I know there weren't too many of them!"

Would you call it a war? Kubala was asked — "Well, let's say it was quite a battle. A lot of things happened which I didn't expect to see."

Valok admitted that Spain were the better team and had deserved their win — though he thought that with a bit of luck Yugoslavia might have scored in the first half, which would have changed the match.

The violence? — "A lot of our players are very young and haven't much international experience. That's why they didn't give a better account of themselves, too."

AFTER nearly five years Spain is considering reintroducing a ban on foreign footballers.

More and more officials are coming round to the view that the immigrants have contributed little. And though the few, such as Johan Cruyff and Günther Netzer may have pushed up crowd figures for a while, that advantage has been outweighed by the poor quality of 90 per cent of the imports.

Too many clubs have made unwarranted use of the double nationality rules which enable players claiming Spanish parentage to play in Spain without counting as foreign, and doing so to the detriment of home-grown talent.

One of the major offenders are Elche. When they signed Horacio Incaurralde recently they were taking on their TENTH foreign-born player!

MARCEL DOMINGO, the quick-tempered Valencia coach, found a neat turn of phrase to describe FIFA's role in the world.

"It's an organisation more important than the United Nations," he said. "FIFA members may have their disagreements, but we don't fight wars."

Try telling that to some of the spectators in Belgrade. . . .

* * *

CHECHU ROJO, long-serving outside left of Athletic Bilbao, fears he may never play again. Troubled since last season by Achilles tendon trouble, Rojo recently visited a German specialist in Cologne.

The prescription? Six weeks' more resting the leg, then try some light training . . . and keep your fingers crossed.

MICHELS LIVES WITH POLITICAL PRESSURE

by Peter Bills

SEPARATING politics from sport is a brave and noble sentiment. Far too many sporting spectaculars of recent times have been abused by countries seeking cheap publicity for political aspirations and ambitions.

Too often, sport has had not only its own problems to solve but also those of political bodies and desperate movements. Where sport has been unfortunate is that it is a commodity readily marketable by political organisations as a body to deliver their message.

A situation as such exists in Barcelona, large Spanish City but predominantly the home of the Catalonian people. Franco's iron-fisted rule from Madrid crushed Catalonian aspirations for over three decades. Now, Spain moves towards 20th century reality at a frightening pace — and the Catalonians, seizing their chance of independence from Madrid, have found a suitable body upon which to display their case.

Barcelona contains the world's greatest player in Johann Cruyff and it is one of the wealthiest clubs not only in Spain but throughout Europe. Yet Barcelona — and, indeed, all Catalonia — have discovered that money alone is not enough. Success for Barcelona, club of the Catalans, would be the perfect front for the hopes of a nation. Sadly, for the Catalonians at least, that much desired success has yet to come to fruition.

With it rests arguably the hopes of the new nation; the nation that awaits re-birth with all the patience of an expectant father. Success is imperative at Barcelona: failure, unthinkable and probably an immense blow to the new nation. It is that sort of vacuum in which Dutchman Rinus Michels spends his life with the Spanish club.

To those who know him, Michels may seem the ideal man for the task. He comes to meet me fresh from a stiff training session: hair wet, shirt still open at the neck, still the traces of sweat upon his ample forehead.

His upright stance and solid appearance extend the theory that the hopes of the Catalonians could not rest upon broader shoulders. Like Churchill in Britain's war-time, Michels is a man of steel and inspiration . . . perhaps the perfect man for the tough task.

Yet can one man shoulder the hopes and ambitions of an entire nation? Apparently Michels is entrusted with that task at Barcelona Football Club. An awesome task, a staggering responsibility — and perhaps that explains the harassed frown that spreads across his brow as he emerges from the dressing room at Nou Camp to meet me.

Michels' track record is undoubtedly impressive. The first hand at the helm during Ajax's magnificent run of success in the European Cup of the early 1970's: the master-mind behind Holland's outstanding success in the West German World Cup Finals of 1974. At Barcelona, too, he clinched the League Championship in 1974 at the start of the Cruyff reign in the Spanish club.

Sadly for Michels — and, more so, the Catalans — things have not been as successful since. Real Madrid have once more overtaken their great rivals and now threaten to keep the coveted Spanish Championship title in the capital, Madrid, for the sixteenth time in the last 18 years. To the fanatical Catalonians, that is a record that festers like a bad wound.

Now, the situation has begun to reach a peak. Cruyff threatens to finish football at the end of this season and the Catalans desperately seek the final push to convince King Juan Carlos, independence for the Catalonian nation must come to fruition. Success for Barcelona Football Club, absurd as it may sound, could be the perfect vehicle upon which the Catalans can ride to their triumph.

Michels, meanwhile, realises and accepts the situation. Of course, financial remuneration is vast and high pressures merit high wages. But even Michels has begun to consider the situation and search for sanity. And maybe even he is realising it is hard to find.

"Results have become too important, far too important," he snaps. "The stresses are very big here and we are working with a big tension and a big stress. Results are too important to the club, to the club's supporters and the club members. We are a club with 75,000 members who represent about five million other followers — who represent the Catalonian nation. Historical, political and sporting grounds are all involved in the same problem. It is complex and extremely involved."

Will the situation intensify, I ask. Michels raises a vast hand to his dark hair and smoothes it backwards in a movement of stress, taut expression that is the fitting comment on his subject.

"No, the situation will not intensify," he says. "It is already at the top. But I do not think it will improve either — yet — and I am working with a lot of stress.

"In my private life, it is a sane world but . . . it is not a sane mentality here and I am suffering from that now and then.

"We are trying to escape the pressure sometimes but it is hard to escape. It all depends on the results. There is pressure from the club officials, from the supporters, from the press, from a nation — it is an astonishing situation."

Michels' Catalan colossus was portrayed perfectly in their recent Spanish League match at home against Las Palmas. The team from the Canaries arrived with a reasonable record in Spain that season and the usual tight, defensive organisation that is inherent in the Spanish League system.

What happened raised the hopes of a nation. Dutchman Johann Neeskens explains: "The man respected as the leader of the Catalonian people came to the match. He was making one of his first visits to a public place after returning from exile under Franco. The atmosphere was incredible — it seemed as if a nation had turned out and saw the match.

"Of course, in that atmosphere it was easy. We beat Las Palmas 5-0, one of our best-ever victories in several years. But it was his appearance that helped us win so well.

"Without him in terms of presence but aware of course so much depends on results, and the pressures are vast. I can see the pressure on Michels and it has convinced me I never want to become a trainer like him. It is very hard for him in this situation."

Neeskens underlines the attitude between Madrid and Barcelona whether football or politics be involved. "Of course, it is very different in every way," he says. "There is a lot of hate between Madrid and ourselves. And the public of Barcelona become very angry if we don't win something.

"Barcelona needs to win something every year and we should have done better in the last three years. But things have happened and it has not worked out as well as it should. That has added to the pressure."

Neeskens can see from the field the political side of the soccer game. "In Spain, there is a lot of politics within sport and especially football. The Catalonian problem is now an integral part of what we do at Barcelona and it makes it harder. It was, as I say, easier for the Las Palmas match. But that does not happen every week."

Michels' dilemma is clear. Cruyff's likely departure at the end of the season means time is not on his side. And Barcelona have only a moderate side with which to rival the re-emergence of Real Madrid as a footballing power. Michels himself admits: "It is not an outstanding team at Barcelona this year. We are not exceptional: a good team but not excellent. We have to work a lot here — Cruyff, Neeskens, the other players, myself, everyone. . . .

"I am trying to do things to bring the club the success they want: the success they crave. But it is hard. Real are a good side again thanks to Stielicke, Wolff and Juanito. Those players have changed them from a good side to a fine one. They are excellent players.

Michels shifts once more and looks at his watch. Another comb to his hair with the same vast palm. He stands up.

"Trainers are always worried," he says, expression not altering. And with that, his curt hand-shake signals the end of his time.

NASL 1978

Who's who and where

THERE will be at least four new teams in the North American Soccer League for 1978 and possibly six as the league expands to either 22 or 24 teams. In addition four of last year's teams will play out of new locations (writes COLIN JOSE).

To date the new teams will be playing out of Philadelphia, Denver, Memphis and Detroit with the possibility that new franchises could yet be approved for two other cities from Montreal, Boston and Houston.

The North American Soccer League returns to Philadelphia after an absence of just one year. In 1973 the Philadelphia Atoms were granted the first Philadelphia franchise and with a fine team under coach Al Miller proceeded to win the championship. In the process they attracted some fine crowds in a city with a long soccer history. However, in the ensuing years changes in the top management of the club altered the picture and finally for the 1976 season the franchise passed to a Mexican organisation who had little idea of the needs of operating a soccer club in the United States.

That spelled the end of the NASL in Philadelphia for 1977 but now a new group of owners has been formed and as a result soccer will rock back into the "City of Brotherly Love" with the backing of rock music superstars Mick Jagger, Peter Frampton, Paul Simon and Rick Wakeman and a number of other people associated with the music business.

Meanwhile in Detroit, which had a franchise in the NASL in the 1968 league known as the Cougars but has shown little interest in the sport since that time, a combined British-American organisation has been set up to operate a team that will play in the 80,500 seat Silverdome in suburban Pontiac.

Among the Detroit owners are a mixed group of businessmen from the state of Michigan along with an organisation called World Sports Academy Ltd. The Principals of WSA are Jimmy Hill, managing director of Coventry City, Sir Stanley Rous, honorary president of FIFA and John Camkin one time BBC soccer commentator.

During the 1968 season the Detroit Cougars were coached by Len Julians and their line up included players from Britain, West Germany, Denmark and Haiti. Among them was former West Ham goalkeeper Jim Standen and Ken McDonald and Willie Hunter two players with wide experience in Scotland. Jorgen Kristensen a Dane now playing with Hertha Berlin was featured in the attack and playing in midfield was Canadian international Johnny Kerr who now heads up the NASL Players Association.

In Denver, the "Mile High" city in the Rocky Mountains, the team will assume the name of the state rather than the city but chances are will be more widely referred to as the Denver Caribous rather than the Caribous of Colorado, the official name.

Just like Philadelphia and Detroit NASL soccer is not new to Denver with the city having a team in the league in 1974 and 1975 known as the Denver Dynamos. This team met with limited success on the field and little success in terms of attendance. Trouble behind the scenes over whether or not the team should sign more or less native born American players did not help the situation.

Down in Memphis where the NASL is breaking entirely new ground the owners are Harry Mangurian, Jr., who will be the chairman, and Bill Marcum, who will be the president. Both have been heavily involved in sports previously, Mangurian through his thoroughbred racing stable and Marcum through the Tampa franchise in American football.

In Memphis the team will play in the Liberty Bowl which seats 50,000 and already the club made a positive move signing the well known Malcolm Allison as coach.

The NASL has also approved the shift of a number of franchises for 1978. Most notable among these is the move of the St Louis Stars to Orange County, California where they will play in the 43,250 seat Anaheim Stadium. The St. Louis Stars were formed for the 1967 season in the then National Professional Soccer League and when this league merged with the United Soccer Association to form the North American Soccer League for the 1968 season the Stars continued to exist and remained in existence until the present time.

Imported

St. Louis were in effect the longest operating team in the NASL with only the Dallas Tornado being in continuous existence for as long a period of time. But the St. Louis club was operating its own team in 1967 while Dallas imported Dundee United to play for them. The demise of the St. Louis franchise is one of the many puzzles in American soccer for St. Louis has a long history of association with the game and would logically seem to be one of the cities where soccer should have little trouble succeeding.

One of the other franchise changes was predictable with the Connecticut Bicentennials who struggled through 1975 and 1976 as the Hartford Bicentennials before adopting the state name in 1977 moving to Oakland, California where the they will become the Oakland Stompers. Oakland of course had a very good team in 1967 and 1968 known as the Clippers and they won the NPSL championship in 1967 with a team containing a number of former Yugoslav internationals.

First class

Dr. Obradovic headed up the playing organisation while Mirko Stojanovic was a first class goalkeeper, Milan Cop was the king pin in the defence and Selimir Milosevic was a very effective striker.

The other franchise shifts involved the move of the Hawaii team to Tulsa, Oklahoma and the Las Vegas Quicksilver to San Diego. The Hawaii club has been in existence for just the one season having moved out across the Pacific from San Antonio, Texas. Now they move back again and set up shop in Tulsa to become the first professional sports franchise ever to locate in the State of Oklahoma.

just like the new Tulsa franchise the new San Diego team (still subject to approval on a number of technical details) has done its share of wandering. The team came into existence first of all as the Baltimore Comets in 1974 but after just two seasons moved to San Diego to become the San Diego Jaws. After one season in San Diego it was on to Las Vegas. Now it is back to San Diego where for the third time the NASL will attempt to set up a successful operation in the southern California city. San Diego also had a team in the league in 1968.

Tranfers

As a result of all the transfers the 1978 season will see the NASL operate with five clubs in California. Anaheim (Orange County), Oakland, Los Angles, San Jose and San Diego. There will also be four other clubs in the west: Seattle, Portland, Vancouver and Denver (Colorado).

In the mid-west we have Dallas, Chicago, Tulsa, Memphis, Detroit and Minnesota while there will be at least seven eastern clubs — Toronto, Rochester, Philadelphia, New York, Tampa Bay, Fort Lauderdale and Washington.

As of the time of writing the composition of the league is by no means settled and before the league kicks off the 1978 season on April 1 either Boston, Montreal or Houston could join the other 22 teams while problems still surround at least one of the teams.

Competitive

That team as usual is Toronto who seem to stagger from one crisis to another but somehow manage to stay in existence and at the same time produce a highly competitive team.

Twenty four teams would be ideal for the NASL allowing them to operate either four leagues of six teams or six leagues of four teams followed by the usual play off structure leading to the Soccer Bowl which this year will be played in Ithe Meadowlands Stadium in New Jersey the home of the New York Cosmos on either August 26 or 27.

Switzerland outplayed by Germany

by Arthur Rotmil

SWITZERLAND'S national manager Roger Vonlanthen looks back on the first year of his reign with mixed feelings. He could not save the team from World Cup elimination having arrived on the scene too late. Still, under his command the side played nine matches winning three, drawing one and losing five, with a goal tally of 7-14. These naked figures do not of course reveal anything about the merits of the individual results, not about the relative strength of opposition; thus it is not easy to prepare an accurate assessment of the work which Vonlanthen has done since taking over from Rene Hussy.

In the first place, it can be said that Switzerland played far more often than they normally do in the course of the year. The reason was that in view of a possible qualification for the World Cup finals, the Swiss Football Federation (SFV) had arranged additional matches in order to give the manager a better opportunity to prepare the squad.

Obviously, one has to account for the varied type of opposition provided — for instance, the Swiss visited the world champions West Germany, they played the European champions Czechoslovakia at home and went to Wembley, still a formidable and prestigious ground, for the Helvetians at least.

Then they battled against the Scandinavians in competitive matches, the Iberians and the improved French, who now qualified for Argentina. Walter Lutz, the chief editor of Switzerland's largest sports paper "Sport" (Zurich), has produced a table of countries who played Switzerland during the past 12 months and arranged them in order of strength, as follows: 1. West Germany; 2. France; 3. Spain.

England only merited a place in the middle order, though it must be recalled that the team, although based on seven members of Liverpool's European Cup winning side, performed quite disappointingly against the Swiss on September 7, at Wembley. That 0-0 result was hailed in Switzerland as a success, but the folly of thinking that with the same system they could succeed against the West Germans was cruelly exposed in Stuttgart.

What the Swiss achieved at Wembley with their zonal marking in midfield, amounted to courting disaster against the world champions. As Walter Lutz pointed out: "Germany are not England, and thus in Stuttgart the German's midfield enjoyed the freedom of the park and gave us a lesson in how to control a match. England's attack could not score at Wembley — the Germans could have had seven or eight goals." After this decisive defeat "Sport's" headline ran: "We were lucky to escape with just 1-4!"

When one analyses the whole period under Vonlanthen, then it is apparent that he has at least found a sound basis for a good team. To this block belong goalkeeper Burgener, the libero Chapuisat, the midfielders Botteron and Barberis and the strikers Elsener and Sulser. In Erich Burgener the national coach has a 'keeper of international class. Pierre-André Chapuisat has also developed into a first class organiser in defence, a key figure who could walk into most national teams.

But the most successful choice has been that of Ruedi Elsener, who only last spring was relegated by his club Grasshoppers to the reserve bench. Now, Elsener has blossomed out into the best and most prolific striker in the country. Vonlanthen has altogether awarded eight new caps and he has clearly given preference to technically gifted players.

In those nine matches Vonlanthen used 32 men, of whom two were goalkeepers, nine defenders, eight midfield players, and 13 forwards. The future looks brighter than for some time, if only the clubs would continue the policy of raising their own talent, instead of constantly looking for ready made and often pensioned off stars from abroad and if only the public would return in numbers to support their representatives, like it used to.

On the domestic scene the League leaders Grasshoppers were still setting the pace pursued by Servette, Lausanne and FC Zurich. The wonderful run of 48 home matches without defeat ended for Servette, when they lost by 0-2 to Zurich — the last team to beat them in Geneva's Charmilles stadium!

Tactical

There is little doubt that the "Hoppers" are the team of the season and they are still going strong in the UEFA-Cup (the only Swiss representatives left) the SFV-Cup and in the League-Cup, in other words in four competitions! They scored 44 goals in 15 league games and their clever tactical ploy based on swift counter-attacks, has made them opponents to fear at international level as well.

In the quarter-finals of the major cup tournament Grasshoppers beat Bulle the Second Divisions bottom placed club by 2-0, champions Basel disposed of St. Gallen by 4-1, Servette put out La-Chaux-de-Fonds (2-0), and the only Second Division outfit left are Chiasso, who eliminated Lucerne (Division 2) away by 3-2. The semi-finals pairings for Easter Monday (March 27), are Grasshoppers v. Basel and Chiasso v. Servette. Grasshoppers are of course also favourites in this competition which they have won 13 times(!) and stood in the final 20 times. . . .

Great improvement was being shown by Lausanne Sports whose veteran centre forward Fritz Künzli (31) has impressed the national manager Volanthen who called him up into the squad for Stuttgart against the Germans, where Künzli came on as a substitute for Sulser in the 68th minute. Next to him at Lausanne, the clever Peter Traber (26) has also been playing well and this tandem ran riot in the league match v. Young Boys which Lausanne won 6-0. Traber made all six goals, while Künzli scored twice.

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Determination is trademark of Saunders

by Brian Marshall

DETERMINATION was the main attribute of Ron Saunders as a player in the lower reaches of the Football League with such clubs as Gillingham, Portsmouth, Watford and Charlton after failing to make the grade with his home-town club, Everton.

This same determination is his trade-mark as a manager. It has been observed in his spells with Yeovil, Oxford United, Norwich City, Manchester City and now Aston Villa.

Over the past three years he has achieved more recognition and success than with any of the other clubs. Yet he came very close to rocking the whole boat a few weeks ago when he attempted to obtain a lucrative contract from Aston Villa.

A story was leaked out to one Sunday newspaper which indicated that Saunders was considering an offer to take up a position in Saudi Arabia. It all boiled down to the fact that Saunders wanted a new contract some 18 months before his present one was due to expire.

The facts are that Saunders felt his achievements with Aston Villa should be suitably rewarded after several of the players had themselves obtained increased terms. Fortunately for Saunders he himself saw the light and the possible folly of his brinkmanship and tactfully announced that he would after all be staying with Aston Villa.

It was the act of an optimistic gambler with his pockets loaded with money and the feeling that he couldn't lose. Saunders, however, very nearly lost because his bluff was called by the Aston Villa board who declined to negotiate under these circumstances.

They are only too aware that in Ron Saunders they have a manager who has achieved a great deal of success for the Midland club and that he can take the club to even greater heights.

This was acknowledged a few weeks later when Aston Villa briefly announced that Ron Saunders would be given a new contract to the satisfaction of both parties.

As a manager who had only the year previous collected in the region of £37,000 for guiding Aston Villa to their Football League success it goes without saying that Saunders will receive a very handsome monthly cheque for his efforts at Villa Park.

What takes a great deal of understanding is his tactics of putting his career on the line at a time when he appears on the threshold of achieving a string of fresh honours for Aston Villa, a club, who a few years ago could not even afford to paint their stadium or replace broken panes of glass in their stands.

Without a shadow of a doubt Saunders provided just the right sort of explosive mixture when appointed in the summer of 1974 after a very brief and unsatisfactory stay with Manchester City.

He had only 20 games at Maine Road before he parted company with the Northern club where his down to earth remarks did not endear him to members of the playing staff. But it is this same policy which has made Aston Villa one of the most exciting teams in the Football League.

Like any good manager he attempts to build his own team to his own requirements. At Villa Park this has been achieved by some astute purchases. Without any shadow of doubt his best has been Andy Gray who cost £100,000 but is now worth three times this figure as could well be illustrated when he plays for Scotland in the World Cup in Argentina next summer.

Other smart captures have been Alex Cropley, Dennis Mortimer, Ken McNaught and one of Saunders' favourite players, Frank Carrodus. He is the work-horse of the Villa team and Saunders claims: "Frank never knows when to stop running. He has a tremendous work-rate which is not always appreciated by many people off the pitch."

In this instance "work-rate" can also be substituted for "determination" and this is the background around which Saunders has geared himself from his playing days.

His ambition has always been to be a successful manager and there is little doubt, despite the obvious cynics who hang around the soccer scene, that he has achieved his objective as he can observe himself from the material object of a Daimler he drives to and from Villa Park.

Relating his early aspirations Saunders said: "I wanted to become a manager so badly that I used to have nightmares of not making the grade.

Success

"I was so determined to make a success of the job that when I took my first step into the managerial ranks with Yeovil I even took a drop in money."

This was the first and last time he agreed to make this kind of sacrifice because ever since those days he has been moving up and up in the financial stakes as can be gleaned from his £37,000 he had against his name before the income tax man took his usual hefty slice.

Tracing the Saunders managerial story it is obvious that he derives a great deal of satisfaction from his wheeling and dealing and in retrospect this is possibly the reason for his somewhat rash tactics to obtain a better deal for himself a few months ago.

Money is certainly the name of the game and even Saunders admits that at times it proves a big obstacle as was the case when he went after Dennis Tueart of Manchester City. As part of the deal he would have paid off the contract and also match the terms that Tueart had negotiated for himself from the Maine Road club.

There was simply no way Villa could match these kind of terms. Saunders must have realised that it could have had repercussions within his own team if he installed a new player on this kind of money.

It was a little out of keeping to go for such an established player. This has not been Saunders' style of operation. Even when he was at Norwich City when the Carrow Road club enjoyed so much success in the Football League Cup he was always on the look-out for the up-and-coming player with potential.

He snapped up such men as Duncan Forbes, Doug Livermore, Jim Bone and David Cross. The signing of Cross was to prove a very successful deal. He paid Rochdale £40,000 and Norwich subsequently sold the bearded striker to Coventry City for a six-figure fee.

But Saunders possibly realises that he must change tack on his voyage to the top of the tree. He has not been happy with certain aspects of Villa's play this season and the dropping of some silly points particularly the two to Middlesbrough in November. But the sheer willpower of the man is transferred to his players and such set-backs he reckons are only of a minor nature.

Saunders, who has built up an excellent working relationship with both his players and also the fanatical Villa supporters, knows that the Midland club are on the verge of great things.

With Liverpool apparently coming away at the seams the opening is ripe for another club to take over and Ron Saunders would like to think that he could take Aston Villa through and fill the vacancy that could be vacated by the Anfield side.

Saunders, a jovial character who is very much down to earth and usually congenial, is prepared to take some calculated risks but I doubt whether he will be rash enough again to put his own job in jeopardy.

Aston Villa stated that the final decision lay with their manager whether he accepted the foreign offer or remained at Villa Park. As events proved Saunders decided to stay with the famous English club.

A move for both parties would I feel have been disastrous in the circumstances because 44-year-old Saunders still has a great deal to offer to both Aston Villa and English soccer.

LITTLE WHIS

A Short Story by

'Phone goes in the middle of the night when you're deep asleep, finally got off, when the baby's been crying for an hour and you come to the surface, out of a kind of dream, thinking, God it's her, Christ, it's her: then, how the hell did she get our new number; though she always did. This was the second time we'd had it changed.

Getting up, Pauline stirring in the bed, the baby in the next room beginning to whimper. Picking up the 'phone and hearing that horrible, thin little voice, like a child's, which somehow made it worse, more sinister. Hearing *it*, not seeing *her*, all small and ugly and pathetic, gave me the shivers.

"Hallo?" it said. "Thought you'd got rid of me, didn't you?" I don't know why I didn't put the 'phone down right away. It was part of the effect she had on me. "Get stuffed," I should have said, or, "go to hell," then banged the 'phone down, but I never did. I'd listen a few moments, wouldn't speak myself, then I'd hang up.

"You won't play in the Cup Final," was what she said, now. "*I'll* see to that. You're not worth it. You're not good enough to clean Rob Owen's boots! You gave away that goal in the semi-final!"

Pauline was calling from the bedroom, "What is it? Is it her again?" The baby was really going strong with his crying, now. I put the receiver down beside the 'phone, her voice kept piping out of it like the thing was alive, like it was *her*, then I went to the baby's room, picked him out of the cot, took him into Pauline, and she cuddled him.

"How did she find out?" she said. She was on the edge. She'd hardly slept that week. "It must be *him*, Rob; *he* must have told her."

"I don't think so," I said, because I didn't want to think so. It's not the kind of thing you like to think about a team mate, especially one whose place you've taken; which of course was what the whole thing was about.

She was nutty about him. Apparently she always had been. Writing him letters, giving him presents, writing to the papers about him; before she started writing to them about me. I'd known about her for a long time, seen her on trains, hanging round the ground after matches. She was a joke: the lads were always going on to Rob about it. "Hey, Rob, your girl friend's on the train! She's looking for you! Where you taking her tonight, the Playboy Club?"

Because just looking at her, listening to her — when she wasn't on the telephone, you had to feel a bit sorry for her. Like I said, she was pathetic. Very small, very round and baggy, little whiskery woman, spectacles, buttoned up tight in cloth coats, funny felt hat on her head, these hairs sprouting out on her face, as if she'd given up caring; that's if she'd ever cared at all. All she did seem to care about was football, Rovers, Rob Owen.

Why him? No one knew. He didn't know, himself. Maybe even *she* didn't. He'd come from Wrexham, and she'd taken to him. Right away, apparently. Before that, it had just been the team. Everybody. Never missed a match, home or away. Middlesbrough, Manchester, Liverpool; didn't matter, she'd be there. We'd be on the train, maybe in the dining-car, eating a meal, having a few jars, playing cards, perhaps in the compartment, and she'd appear. Wouldn't say much; stand awhile and nod, then, "Thought we were unlucky," or, "You were very good, today."

They'd have her on a bit, the lads. "Rob wasn't too good," they'd say. "Should have had that last one. It was his ball, at the corner."

"No, it wasn't", she'd say, then, very certain, very sure of herself, "it was nowhere near him," and they'd laugh.

"Fancies you, Rob," they'd say, when she'd gone, and he'd swear at them. He was a big fellow, six foot two, fair hair, what you'd call a physical player, if you can't get the ball, take the man. I don't know, maybe she *did* fancy him, though you couldn't really think of her in that way.

The first time she spoke to me was on a train coming back from Bristol. "You're the reserve," she said, and looked at me. It wasn't a nice look. Her eyes were blue and very pale. They stared at you, dead cold. I felt uncomfortable.

"That's right," I said.

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"You won't get many chances *here*, will you?" And she went away.

That's nice, I thought. The others laughed at me. "Watch out!" they said. "Don't take Rob Owen's place! She'll put a spell on you!"

It was a couple of years before I did take his place, and then the letters started. *He'd* been getting them for years, of course; he showed them to us, sometimes. Written on scrappy little bits of lined paper, in funny, spiky handwriting. Things like, "Just to congratulate you on another fine game at Arsenal last Saturday. You really kept the Gunners at bay in the second half, sometimes you were all on your own. You never got enough credit from the Press. I think they only look for flashy players."

The club were quite nice to her; the Boss, Matt Evans, and the directors. They'd invite her into their compartment on the train to sit down, and she'd tell them what she thought about the game, always very serious. They'd smile a bit at one another, but obviously they reckoned she was quite harmless, just a bit eccentric, and sometimes they'd help her with tickets and that.

She wasn't harmless, though. I knew that, the first time I got a letter from her. I'd come into the team because Rob had been injured; he hadn't been dropped, he'd pulled a muscle, so I reckon she could forgive me that. When he'd recovered, he'd be back.

He was out a couple of games, and I did quite well. We beat Newcastle at home, then we went up to Liverpool and got a point there. Toshack was playing, but even he didn't do much against me in the air; I came off feeling pretty chuffed.

She was on the train, coming back to London. She looked in at our compartment; I was in there with the Boss, with Don Lowe, the coach, and one or two of the lads. She came to the doorway and she stood there, didn't say nothing, just staring, mostly at me, like some old witch.

"Hallo, Martha," the Boss said; that was her name. "Enjoy it?"

"Yes," she said, but didn't smile at all.

"Sorry we couldn't have Rob there for you," he said, "but the boy did well, didn't he, young Tim?"

She didn't answer that, just nodded, looked at me again, then went away. "Doesn't like you, Tim," the Boss said, and he laughed. I didn't laugh. I felt uncomfortable. It kind of took the edge off things.

Then the letter; the first one. About two or three weeks later. I'd stayed in; Rob was fit again, but they'd preferred me. He was in the Reserves. The letter came to the club; the spindly handwriting. "Dear Sir," it said. (Dear Sir!) "That second goal was your fault. You should have headed out the cross. You are in the team under false pretences, but it won't last long." Then she signed it.

I showed it to Pauline; we weren't married, then. "It's horrible," she said, and dropped it, shuddering, like it was alive; a spider or a mouse.

"She's just got this thing about Rob Owen," I said, but she shuddered again and said, "It's horrible."

She wrote to other people, too, Martha; reporters. Sometimes they'd show me the letters. The same sort of thing. "You always give Tim Saunders too much credit, just because he's young. He's given away at least three goals in the last two matches. How does he hold his place when Rob Owen plays in the reserves?" Stuff like that. They didn't take it serious; just showed it me and laughed. *I* didn't take it seriously, not at first. But it builds up, it accumulates. I'd suddenly catch myself thinking about it, things she'd said, then waiting for the letters; there'd be one nearly every week, especially when we'd lost; written to

SKERY WOMEN

BRIAN GLANVILLE

my digs, now. Usually they'd come Monday, sometimes Tuesday. I'd dread looking at the doormat, seeing them little square envelopes, that spindly handwriting, like something poisonous.

"Don't read them," Pauline would say, after we'd got married, and if she was there, she'd pick them up by the corner in her finger and thumb and drop them in the stove. I was glad when she did, because I couldn't do it myself. Something used to stop me; I'd have to open them and read them, like they hypnotised me. I cared for Pauline, though, more than what I did for me. They really upset her, where in my case, I could shrug them off: I'd go out and train, I'd go out and play, and I'd forget it. "She's evil," Pauline would say, and like I've said, she'd shudder. "I'd like to strangle her," she'd tell me. "She shouldn't be allowed to walk about. If I ever see her, I'll really tell her something," which wasn't like her at all. She'd never talked like that about anybody.

As for Rob Owen, he was obviously pissed off about it. He didn't like being in the Reserves, but this didn't make things any better, especially with the lads getting on at him about how he was telling old Martha what to write. He'd had her round his house once or twice, he said, visiting his family, he felt sorry for her, but then, what with the letters, it had all got a bit too much. She worked in a supermarket; he'd told me that, too. She was a cashier, lived somewhere over Edmonton, though he'd never been there, even when she kept inviting him. "Draw the line somewhere," he said.

As for the Boss, he didn't talk to her any more. She'd still turn up on trains, but she'd slide along the corridor like a ghost.

Anyway we got married, Pauline and me, we moved into this house in Barnet, very nice, detached, a garden, Jimmy was born, then the team had the Cup run.

I was still first choice. Now and again I'd miss a game through being injured, Rob would play, he'd do all right, but then they'd bring me back again. We got on all right; I wouldn't say no more than that it's always a bit awkward when you've taken someone's place, and on top of that, there was still her; Martha.

It was during the Cup run that the 'phone calls began, and what made it worse was that now we had the baby, because nearly all of them came at night. I suppose it was just too much for her, Rovers doing so well and Rob not being in the side.

From about the Fifth Round they started, just after we'd beaten Derby. I went to the Boss, he went to the police, they went round to see her, and of course she said she didn't know nothing about it. She didn't come on trains with us no more, we never saw her, now, and the coppers said it would be hard to prove, the only thing to do was put the 'phone on interception. They did that for a while, then, when they'd stopped it, she began again. When we took the receiver off the hook at night, she'd do it in the day, and sometimes talk to Pauline. "Tell your husband he won't be in much longer," she'd say, "tell him he'll never play in the Cup Final," and then, another time, "It would be a pity if anything happened to your baby."

That day, when I got home, she was in a right old state, Pauline. "It's just a threat," I said, "she's mad. You mustn't take no notice of that."

"I know she's mad," she said. "That's what frightens me."

It was then we changed the number the first time.

The semi-final came, we played Manchester City at Hillsborough, we beat them 2-1, and we were in the Final against Leeds. What a feeling that was! Wembley, where everybody wants to play, and I'd made it before I was twenty-one!

There was a letter from her on the Tuesday. "Don't count your chickens before they're hatched." Just that. I didn't show it to Pauline.

It was the Wednesday before the Final that it happened. We were staying out at Welwyn Garden City, the team, we got back to the hotel after training, and there was a policeman waiting for me. "I'm very sorry, Mr. Saunders," he said, "but I'm afraid your baby's disappeared. He's been taken from his pram."

It shattered me. Yet at the same time, in some horrible way, it didn't surprise me. It was like I'd been expecting something bad to happen. I knew who'd done it; there could only be one person. He said Jimmy had been left in his pram outside Sainsbury's. Pauline had only been in there five or six minutes, and when she came out, he'd disappeared. "We've got a description," he said, "we're looking for somebody."

I got back to Barnet like the clappers; I went in his police car, Pauline was under sedation. Her mother was there, *my* mother, two or three coppers, and a policewoman. They said they'd looked for Martha but she'd disappeared; she wasn't at her supermarket, she wasn't at her home. Her mother, who she lived with, and apparently was an old girl of about eighty, partly blind, had said she'd gone out that morning without a word; she'd thought that she was just going to work. The police knew all about the letters and the 'phone calls, they asked me why I thought she'd done this, and I said, "The Cup Final." It was clear enough to me. So there was nothing to do but sit and wait. Wait for her to tell us what she wanted; though I knew what she wanted.

The police told me things, they asked me things, but it was hard to reply to them. I was completely stunned. I was pulled in all different directions at once. Terrified about the baby, what the mad old cow had done with him, worried sick about Pauline, how she'd be when she came out of her sleep, sick about the Final, knowing I'd hardly a chance of playing, now.

"Are you sure it's that?" they said.

"What else can it be?" I asked them, and I remembered what she'd said that time to Pauline, about something happening to the baby. They pounced on that, they'd got some evidence, though it didn't help that I could see.

When Pauline woke up, she cried and cried, there was no comforting her. It was *her* fault, she said, she should have guessed, she should never have left Jimmy outside the shop, she'd had this feeling about it. I told her again and again she shouldn't blame herself, how could she have known, though in the back of my mind there was this idea we *both* should have known, we'd had warning. "Where is he, where *is* he?" she kept shouting.

Apparently people had seen Martha take Jimmy, then she'd scuttled off down a tube. They were searching wasteland, they were looking all round where she lived; but how could they find her? She could have gone anywhere. We'd have to wait; I knew that. Wait till the filthy little thing rang up and named her terms; and I knew what those would be. That was the longest day of my life; *our* lives. The thoughts that passed through your mind; what was happening to him, the poor little fellow? Had she dumped him, like you sometimes read they did, under a hedge, in some ditch? The worst thing of all, had she done away with him? He was so small. I tried to tell myself she'd never do that, that as long as he was alive and she had him, she had power over us, but how could we know, and where *did* she have him? Where could she be hiding? If I could only go out looking *with* them, feel I was *doing* something, not just hang about.

The Boss came round, which I appreciated. He said he'd keep it all out of the Press, like the police wanted, that the club would do everything it could to help, that Rob Owen was ready to appeal to her if we could contact her, that I could stay at home as long as I liked.

He was actually there when the call came. The 'phone rang — they had a tap on the 'phone — the police inspector motioned to me, the whole room had gone quiet, and I picked up the 'phone.

It was a call box, *pip-pip-pip-pip-pip*, that noise. I thought it would

● *Continued overleaf*

never bloody stop. Then it did; and her voice. "Hallo? Is that Tim Saunders? You know who this is? I've got your baby."

"Yes?" I said. I was sweating so much, I could hardly keep hold of the 'phone.

"He's all right," she said, that little reedy voice, that piping voice. "If you want to see him again, don't play in the Cup Final."

What I'd expected. "Right," I said.

"I'll be there," she said. "I'll be *watching*. I'll be there to see Rob Owen's playing. If he does, you'll get your baby back. I'll ring you after the game and tell you where he is. If *you* play, you can forget about him."

Then it was all just too much for me. "How do I *know*?" I said, "how do I know he's still alive?" and then I waited for her answer, Oh, Christ, I seemed to be waiting forever. Till I heard. Him. Jimmy. Crying. She'd got him by the 'phone. Poor little Jimmy, crying, and I started to cry, myself. It was the best sound and the worst sound that I'd ever heard.

"I'm not a liar," she said. "I'm not a cheat. I want a promise. I want to see it in the papers. That Rob's playing, and you're not. I want to see it in Friday morning's papers."

Pauline came rushing down the stairs in her nightdress, she was in a terrible state, she'd heard the 'phone ring. "Is it her, is it her?"

"He's all right," I said, and her whole face changed. I've never seen such relief, all misery one moment, all joy the next, then anxious again. "I *must* speak to her!" she said. "I *must* tell her how to feed him!"

"My wife wants to speak to you," I said.

"I won't speak to *her*!" She practically spat it down the 'phone.

"You've got to," I said, "it's how to feed the baby."

"*I'm* feeding him!" Then the pips went, and I stood there helpless, listening to them, till they stopped, and it rang off. I put the 'phone down, hoping it would ring again. We all stood round like statues, waiting for it, but it never went.

They traced the call to a 'phone box at Finsbury Park Station, which meant that she was still in her same area: but where?

That evening, the Boss rang me from Welwyn. He was terrific, said the club was absolutely behind me, they'd do anything to help. I wasn't to worry about my place, they were going to play me if they possibly could, though to be honest, I couldn't picture playing, not the way I felt. The Friday, they'd say Rob was in instead of me, I'd had an injury in training. Right up to the game, they'd keep it like that, stalling her, then, if the police still hadn't picked her up and found Jimmy, we'd decide about things, them and me. I'd tell them whether I though I could play, whether I felt up to it, whether I'd risk it. Because one thing was certain; she'd be there, like she said. They couldn't trace a ticket to her, but she never missed a match, let alone something like a Cup Final. "And if she's there," the police inspector said, "we'll get her. There's no way she can escape us. I'll have men at every turnstile, men in the stands, men on the terraces. We know what she looks like. There's no mistaking her. With any luck, we'll pick her up

● *Continued from previous page*

before the game, but if we don't, we'll pick her up inside the stadium."

Those were terrible days. Terrible for me, and worse for Pauline. I didn't think much about the Final, I can tell you. Just about Jimmy, and Pauline. She felt a little better, now, knowing the baby was alive, but our doctor still had her on tranquillisers and sedatives, and whenever the 'phone rang, her whole body would go stiff.

Down at Welwyn, they told the reporters that I wasn't there because I was in London, having treatment. The lads had been told not to say a word. We had to see nothing leaked out. One or two reporters 'phoned; I told them I was having treatment, it was my back, I hadn't got much hope of playing, and they all printed that. "Mystery back injury, Tim Saunders may be out of the Final." Friday, they all said that I would be out: Rob Owen was in.

Saturday morning, I joined the team at Welwyn. I didn't like leaving Pauline, but I'd promised the Boss; just in case something did happen, and I *could* play. "You won't though, will you?" Pauline said. "Not unless we get Jimmy back. You won't let them make you, will you?"

"No, I won't," I said.

Rob Owen came up to me when I got out there, said how sorry he was, "I'd rather not bloody play at all than this," he said.

"It's not your fault," I told him.

It was all very quiet in the coach, on the way up to Wembley, even though we had the television people on it. All the lads were affected. Usually there'd have been some kind of song, "My Way," or that, but this time, nothing. The Boss came and sat beside me. "You could still be playing, Tim," he said, but it didn't cheer me up. I wasn't even certain *she'd* be there, whatever she'd said. She couldn't be *that* daft. She must *know* they were bound to pick her up.

In the dressing-room I sat in a corner, watching the others strip, wishing I wasn't there, till suddenly the Boss threw a shirt at me, *my* shirt, the number five, and said, "Here! Put it on!"

"I can't!" I said.

"Of course you can!" he told me. "She's here. Where else can she be? She'll never get away. I've not announced you. The team's been given out with Rob Owen in it."

I looked across at Rob. He looked away. I felt sick. "Boss," I said, "I'm not up to it."

"*You* will be," he said. "Once you're out there. Once the game begins. Don't let her do it to you, Tim. You're giving in to blackmail. You're giving in to madness. It's like hijacking. Where's it going to end?"

I didn't speak; I couldn't answer him.

"We'll let you know," he said. "As soon as they've got her, we'll get a message to the bench."

I thought suddenly of Pauline, looking at the television, all at once seeing me come on the field. What would it do to her?

"Pauline . . ," I said.

"I'll talk to Pauline."

When he came back, he told me, "She's a good girl. She's agreed. She's very brave," which made me feel much better.

I put on the shirt, then the socks, the left one first, like always, and when we came up the tunnel, out on to the ground, into the tremendous noise, it seemed to sweep me up into itself, I did feel apprehension, but it was the football apprehension, the old butterflies, the first time for days I'd got the business out of my mind.

Through the handshakes, the National Anthem, I started thinking of it, again, whether they'd picked her up outside the stadium, we'd still heard nothing, or whether she'd somehow got through and was there in the crowd, there behind the goal at the Rovers end — I knew she'd sometimes sit, sometimes stand — there among all that yellow and blue.

I looked up at the electronic scoreboard, our team was going up in lights, and when my name was spelled out, you could hear the buzz, surprise all round the ground.

The first half, we played *towards* the Rovers end, so if she was there, I was well away from her. I was marking Joe Jordan, which meant there wasn't time to think about much else, him so powerful in the air, you had to strain for every high ball. He flicked on one or two down the middle, but I managed to beat him to all the crosses, and at half-time, we were a goal ahead Terry Green, our centre-forward, had headed a beauty on the near post, after about twenty minutes.

The nearer I got to the dressing-room, the more I started worrying again; what were they going to tell me? Had they got her? How was Jimmy?

The Boss caught up with me, just as I reached the tunnel, coming from the bench. "She's in the stadium," he said, and I didn't know whether to feel scared or pleased. "She slipped in somehow, but she was spotted, then she dodged them in the crowd, again. Don't worry, though; they'll get her."

Yes, I thought, they'll get her; but what about Jimmy? And I wondered would I be able to go on in the second half. I sat there with my head in my hands, I felt quite dizzy. The Boss put his hand on my shoulder. "She won't have touched him," he said, "why should she? And now she's here, there's nothing she can do." I supposed he was right. I got up and went out for the second half, and again, it was like the game took over, I was lost in it.

We hit the post, they hit our crossbar, I had a bit of a dust-up with Allan Clarke, a fifty-fifty ball, and the referee spoke to both of us, then, with just a few minutes left, us still a goal ahead, a high ball came over from the right, Jordan and I both went for it, we collided, and next thing I knew, I was on the ground, Dave Rowe, our physio, was bending over me, wiping my face.

I looked up and saw this sea of blue and yellow, and then I focused on a face; *her* face. I'd never seen it so twisted up with spite, and I heard her voice, it piped through all the noise. "You'll never see him again!" Then she'd disappeared.

"All right?" said Dave. He helped me to my feet. "Three minutes left, that's all."

"Yeah, I'm all right," I said. "She's there. Tell the coppers that she's there."

I wondered how I'd get through those three minutes.

International Microscope

Cyprus one of soccer's minnows

by ERIC BATTY

	Pld	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals F.A.
Austria	2	0	0	2	2. 9
Bulgaria	5	0	0	5	2.14
Czechoslovakia	2	0	0	2	0. 7
Denmark	2	0	0	2	1.10
Egypt	1	1	0	0	3. 2
England	2	0	0	2	0. 6
Germany (West)	4	0	0	4	0.24
Greece	4	1	1	2	5. 4
Ireland (North)	4	1	0	3	1.11
Israel	3	0	1	2	3.10
Italy	2	0	0	2	0. 7
Libya	1	1	0	0	2. 0
Poland	2	0	0	2	1. 8
Portugal	6	0	0	6	1.12
Rumania	2	0	0	2	1.12
Scotland	2	0	0	2	0.13
Spain	2	0	0	2	0. 9
Sweden	2	0	0	2	0. 8
Switzerland	2	1	0	1	2. 6
Turkey	1	0	0	1	0. 5
U.S.S.R.	2	0	0	2	2. 9
Totals	53	5	2	46	26.186

THE only time that I have seen Cyprus play was when they visited Wembley for a match that counted for the 1976 European Championship, and that was the day Malcolm Macdonald made a niche for himself in the history books by scoring all five of England's goals.

Though one of Macdonald's goals was a glorious mis-kick, the fact is that it was clear for everyone to see that Macdonald represented trouble every time the ball was crossed into the Cypriot goalmouth. They were simply not accustomed to the high cross being repeatedly thumped in, and their defence wasn't helped by a jittery goalkeeper who looked to be afraid to leave his line to go out to the high ball, and on the rare occasions that he did, was panicked into punching.

As was to be expected, the Cypriots played very defensively at Wembley, and on the ground did well enough to suggest that had they been able to contain Macdonald in the air, they would perhaps have been able to make England work hard for a meagre win.

General feeling

Although none of their players stands out in my memory as a good craftsman, I recall having the general feeling, that the Cypriots were not as bad as they were made to look. Collectively, there were occasions when they pushed the ball around neatly in midfield, which is the first sign of a good football team.

However, though they showed signs of individual skill now and again, and at times made England run about to get the ball back, the Cypriots clearly couldn't stand the pace of the game at which the English normally play and at the end they must have been demoralised.

This has so often been their fate, that one must applaud the fact that they got playing international football. It would be so easy for them to opt out of the big competitions, and avoid the thrashings they invariably get away from home to the likes of West Germany who have hit them for 24 goals in their four encounters, and Scotland who hit them for 13 in 2 games.

But to their credit, it seems that the Cypriots have the right mental approach, taking each game as it comes and refusing to be over-awed by the reputations of their opponents.

This must be so, for to start their games lacking determination, taking each game as it comes and giving everything they've got — they would never have chalked up their rare successes.

Even though visitors don't like playing on their hard, grassless surfaces, they should on paper, be beaten, even at home by all teams except perhaps Malta and Iceland, but to their credit they have had their moments. For example they have chalked up one win over Greece, and proved it was no fluke by drawing with them on another occasion, and the Greeks it should be understood play almost weekly on pitches that bear comparison with those in Limasol.

Being a divided country surely cannot help the development of their game, and there is nothing wrong with their pitches that money couldn't put right. But with a small population, they will probably never have enough funds without government aid, and money of that kind is desperately needed for other more pressing things.

Additionally, it must be remembered that having very close links with Greece, when they do produce a good player, the Greeks know about it in no time at all and whisk him away to play there, and don't always release their Cypriot players for international matches.

But every now and again, the Cypriots show flashes of what be, as happened on February 14, 1973, when they beat Northern Ireland 1-0. The Ulstermen had Pat Jennings in goal — and that's usually worth a goal start, as well as men like Derek Dougan who was not at all bad in the air, and Danny Hegan. Ireland were at full strength except for the absence of George Best, and fielded players like Rice, Hunter and Clements in defence as well as player-manager Terry Neil. After a goal-less first half, centre-forward Antoniou got the vital goal to give Cyprus a day to remember . . . until the next time they prove a trap for the unwary.

First champions

Although the Cyprus FA was formed way back in 1934, they didn't join FIFA until 1948. The first champions, Trast (Nicosia) have disappeared, but the second championship went to a famous name, Apoel Nicosia, still in existence today, with a history going back to 1926 when they were known as the Greek Football and Athletic club.

Cyprus' first international was in 1949 when they were beaten 3-1 away in Tel Aviv by an Israel 'B' XI. They have come a long way since then, though they still have far to go, and though they face almost certain defeat in all the competitions, to withdraw would be a tragedy, for their thousands of fans in Nicosia, Larnax, Famagusta and Limasol, not to mention the lesser towns would be denied the chance, rare though it is, to see some of the best teams in Europe, and that would be a tragedy.

Euro-review

compiled by Keir Radnedge

UEFA CUP

Third round — first legs

Aston Villa 2 (Iribar own goal 34, Deehan 78)
Athletic Bilbao 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 32,973. **Ref:** Beck (Holland).

Torrential rain almost beat both teams, the ball skidding around with the players little better off. Hardly surprising then, that both goals for an Aston Villa breaking new ground in Europe, came from defensive mistakes. What was a surprise, however, was that the first error was by Jose Angel Iribar, the Bilbao captain who had appeared at Villa Park in the World Cup Finals 11 years before. Alex Cropley swung in a corner from the right, and Iribar punched it up into his own net. Bilbao almost equalised eight minutes later when a shot from Javier Irureta clipped the outside of a post. In the 56th minute Villa stopper Ken McNaught struck the post with a volley, then Iribar made up for his earlier mistake by pushing away a sharp shot from Brian Little. He dived to stop a Dennis Mortimer shot in the 75th minute, but was beaten three minutes later. John Deehan was the scorer, ending a run of 10 games without a goal as he hit in a cross from the right by John Gidman.

Bastia 2 (Papi 36, Rep 63)
Torino 1 (Pulici 22)
HT: 1-1. **Att:** 15,000. **Ref:** Aldinger (WG).

Carl Zeiss Jena 2 (Schnuphase 34, Lindemann 69)
Standard Liege 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 12,000. **Ref:** Franco Martinez (Spain).

Eintracht Frankfurt 4 (Grabowski 23, Hölzenbein 37, Kraus 66, Skala 67)
Bayern Munich 0
HT: 2-0. **Att:** 25,000. **Ref:** Rainea (Rumania).

This defeat virtually put an end to Bayern's hopes of salvaging some European glory from a wretched season. The following Saturday the result was repeated in a league match, and the day after Bayern coach Dettmar Cramer went to Holland to spy on Feyenoord stopped Wim Rijsbergen.

Ipswich 3 (Gates 17, Whymark 61, Talbot 77)
Barcelona 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 33,272. **Ref:** Prokop (EG).

Brilliant Ipswich or insipid Barcelona? It was hard to believe that Johan Cruyff's team were challenging for the lead in Spain as they played very much second fiddle at Portman Road. Even Cruyff rarely seemed interested in making much effort to escape the close attention of Roger Osborne and, hard though Juan Manuel Asensi tried to make amends, Ipswich were allowed to claim a result which, said manager Bobby Robson "was beyond my wildest dreams." Clive Woods, Ipswich's unpredictable left winger, did the damage, setting up all three goals. In between Rafael Zuviria and Juan Carlos Heredia had opportunities but, in tune with Barcelona's strange attitude to the game, couldn't be bothered to take the trouble to put them away.

Magdeburg 4 (Zapf 8, Pommerenke pen 24, Mewis 56, Steinbach 74)
Lens 0
HT: 2-0. **Att:** 25,000. **Ref:** Rion (Belgium).

PSV Eindhoven 2 (Lubse 66, van der Kuylen 70)
Eintracht Braunschweig 0
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 25,000. **Ref:** McGinley (Scotland).

Dynamo Tbilisi 1 (Shengelia 21)
Grasshoppers Zurich 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 80,000. **Ref:** Nyhus (Norway).

Third round — second legs

Athletic Bilbao 1 (Dani 85)
Aston Villa 1 (Mortimer 44)
HT: 0-1. **Att:** 39,000. **Ref:** Dubach (Switz).
Aston Villa win 3-1 on agg.

A glorious result for Villa, who came within five minutes of becoming only the second team — after Milan — to win a European club game in San Mames. Bilbao, beaten finalists last season, were always troubled by the sharp, incisive play of Villa and had to resort to some desperation tactics to hold their own. Villa goalkeeper Jimmy Rimmer was surprised by an early shot from Dani, which rebounded off his knees, but Villa soon showed their attacking potential, with Andy Gray and Dennis Mortimer both going close. Mortimer finally put Villa ahead with his first goal of the season, just before the break, heading in a cross from the right by John Gidman. Bilbao surged forward in the second half. Substitute Angel Villar had a shot well stopped by Rimmer and Leighton Phillips headed against his own bar before Dani hit in Churruca's cross to equalise. Gray and Gordon Smith were booked for dissent.

Top: Barcelona goalkeeper Artola dives to parry a header from Paul Mariner as Trevor Whymark moves in. Centre: The grounded Artola gropes at the ball as Whymark adds a touch. Bottom: Whymark watches as defender Olmo diverts the ball over the line for an own goal.

Barcelona 3 (Cruyff 20 and 47, Rexach pen 87)
Ipswich 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 20,000. **Ref:** Linemayr (Austria).
Barcelona win 3-1 on pens = 3-3 agg.

This proved the match of the round — if not the UEFA Cup so far this season. Ipswich went into it with a seeming lyunassailable lead: Barcelona up roached it in a far different frame of mind. Thrashed in the first leg, beaten the previous Sunday at home by Real Madrid, and with many fans shouting for the blood of coach Rinus Michels, it seemed the Dutch hegemony at Nou Camp was all but over. It would have been, too, but for one man — the great Johan Cruyff.

King Johan had promised before the game that he was ready to answer the challenge and he proved it in the 20th minute, heading in a corner from Carlos Rexach. Time and again he had Ipswich reeling. First after a brilliant run which saw Cooper tip his finishing effort over the bar, then creating an opening for Sanchez to shoot against a post just before half-time.

After a minute of the second half Cruyff struck again himself — hitting in a pass from Juan Manuel Asensi. Minutes later he clipped a shot narrowly over the bar. Both teams then made double substitutions, with Ipswich coming into the match briefly as Eric Gates hit the bar, and Paul Mariner had a goal disallowed because the referee had already awarded Ipswich a free kick.

Then, with three minutes to go, Hunter pulled down Clares in a scramble after a Cruyff corner. Rexach converted the penalty and the tie went into extra time. Viljoen hit a volley against the bar, but that was the nearest anyone came to a goal, and the tie was settled on penalties. Rexach scored, while Brian Talbot had his shot saved by Artola; Asensi scored, and Viljoen's shot was saved; Olmo's kick was stopped while Mick Mills scored; then, after Uruguayan full back Alfredo Amarillo scored, Clive Woods hit the post and Ipswich were out. A repeat, this, of their failure two years ago, when they took a three-goal lead to Bruges and returned home beaten.

Bayern München 1 (Rummenigge 2)
Eintracht Frankfurt 2 (Wenzel 83, Hölzenbein 86)
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 11,500. **Ref:** Gussoni (Italy)
Eintracht win 6-1 on agg.

After the trainer transfers involving the two clubs this match was an anti-climax. Bayern went ahead quickly, but Eintracht hit back to win in the last seven minutes. A sad and spineless exit by the former triple champions of Europe.

Eintracht Braunschweig 1 (Bruns 46)
PSV Eindhoven 2 (Van Kraay 33, Deijkers 43)
HT: 0-2. **Att:** 18,124. **Ref:** Palotai (Hungary).
PSV win 4-1 on agg.

An excellent result for the Dutch league leaders, emphasising the good form which had seen them win 4-1 away to Ajax the previous weekend.

Grasshoppers Zurich 4 (Sulser 13, Ponte 46 pen and 77, Elsener 89)
Dynamo Tbilisi 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 17,000. **Ref:** Kitabdjian (France).
Grasshoppers win 4-1 on agg.

Tbilisi were forced to go through the last half-hour with only 10 men after defender Tschinchegashwili was sent off for protesting too much when Tbilisi were refused a penalty. In those final minutes the Swiss league leaders made sure of the match and the tie.

Lens 2 (Bousdira 4, 46)
Magdeburg 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 23,000. **Ref:** Partridge (England).
Magdeburg win 4-2 on agg.

Standard Liege 1 (Nickel 75)
Carl Zeiss Jena 2 (Sengewald 36, Weise 80 pen)
HT: 0-1. **Att:** 39,000. **Ref:** Carpenter (Ireland).
Carl Zeiss win 4-1 on agg.

Torino 2 (Graziani 22 and 47)
Bastia 3 (Larios 20, Krimaou 50 and 68)
HT: 1-1. **Att:** 42,500. **Ref:** Thomas (Wales).
Bastia win 5-3 on agg.

Another remarkable triumph for Bastia — and one which upset the Torino fans, who threw stones at cars and buses driven by French fans afterwards. The Corsican club went ahead when Johnny Rep set up a chance for Jean-Francois Larios after 20 minutes, but Torino quickly hit back through Francesco Graziani. The Italian international centre forward put his team ahead soon after the break, but Rep created another goal as centre forward Krimaou hit the two which stunned Torino. Torino were badly upset by injuries to goalkeeper Castellini, centre half Roberto Mozzino, and midfielder Renato Zaccarelli. Mozzini collapsed after catching Rep's elbow.

● *Continued from page 4*

Group seven. — West Germany, Wales, Turkey and Malta.

Wales' forthcoming friendly with West Germany has been hailed as a pointer to the outcome of this group — which surely isn't in doubt! But the Welsh should realise that they will face a different team in a year's time.

For a start Helmut Schoen retires after the World Cup Finals, and management will be in the hands of Jupp Derwall. For another, the Germans will be replacing veterans such as Maier, Vogts, etc.

Rather than worry about the Germans, however, the Welsh might do better to take the Turks seriously. It's a long time since they achieved anything at international level, but they will fancy their chances against Wales.

Favourites: West Germany.

So, if everything goes according to the formbook, we should see Italy joined in the 1980 finals by England, Scotland, Spain, Holland, France, Hungary and West Germany.

It's an interesting draw. It could have been much better, and we could have been spared many of the repeats. But the final eight will provide a sound balance and variety.

HAPPY EIRE

SEAN CREEDON from Dublin

THE draw for the European Championship has been welcomed by officials of the Football Association of Ireland in Dublin. While Eire are not keen on playing Bulgaria again the news that England and Northern Ireland are in the same group has compensated for the thoughts of travelling to Sofia. The Irish have a good record against Denmark, the other team in Group One.

Eire's record against England reads: P6; W1; D2; L3; F6; A11. That one win was achieved at Goodison Park in September 1949 when the Irish became the first 'foreign' country to defeat England on home territory. Con Martin (father of West Brom's Mick) and Peter Farrell were the Eire scorers in a shock 2-0 win. Another much written and talked about game was the World Cup clash between the sides at Dalymount Park, Dublin, in May '57 when with Eire leading 1-0, John Ateyo headed the equaliser late in the game.

The last meeting between the sides was the friendly at Wembley in September 1976, Gerry Daly's penalty cancelling a Stuart Pearson goal. England have improved since then but the boys in green dominated for long periods, especially player-manager Johnny Giles. Tommy Docherty said on radio at the time that he expected Giles would do everything that night and he wouldn't be surprised if he "drove the coach home".

Respect

That result was a great boost for the Eire players, ten of whom were drawn from first division clubs. Up to then their clubmates had regarded the Eire side as a joke but following the game they were treated with much more respect.

The visit of England to Dublin should bring in record gate receipts and it's possible that the game could be played at Croke Park, the headquarters of the Gaelic Athletic Association, because Lansdowne Road (The Rugby Union H.Q.) which is used at present has a capacity of 45,000. Croke Park could accommodate up to 75,000. Dalymount Park for so long the venue for all internationals has been out of favour in recent years because of the lack of seating.

Boost

Peadar O'Driscoll, the F.A.I. Secretary, was thrilled with the grouping, saying: "I think we have a very real chance of qualifying. And if we do well it will be a boost to our repeated appeals to be allowed to take part in the Home Championships. Most important too is the fact that we will have no trouble getting the release of players from their English clubs."

Johnny Giles, who will be offered a new contract for the games, was less enthusiastic. "It is a very interesting draw and every bit as tough as the last European Championship in which we played the Soviet Union, Turkey and Switzerland."

The inclusion of the two Irelands — North and South — has had mixed reaction. The sides have never met at full international level. The problem of proper security will be a headache unless the political situation calms in the meantime. There has been much talk of an All-Ireland team and the F.A.I. and the I.F.A. are due to meet shortly to discuss the proposed merger.

It's difficult to say whether the pairing of the two in the one group will help in any way towards a United Ireland team. If one does well they will obviously be keen to go it alone whereas if both are unsuccessful perhaps they might get together for the 1982 World Cup.

Up to 1950 Irish-born players could play for Eire or Northern Ireland and 32 players won dual caps. Since then there has been only one serious attempt at a merger. In July 1973 an All-Ireland team disguised as a Shamrock Rovers XI lost 3-4 to Brazil in Dublin. There should be great support from the terraces with both sets of fans shouting IRELAND.

Bulgaria were in Eire's group for Argentina and after the controversial first leg in Sofia which the Bulgars won 2-1 the sides played a scoreless draw in Dublin last October. These were the only meetings between the sides and everybody here still feels bitter about the disallowed Johnny Giles' "goal" that would have swayed the Sofia game Eire's way.

In fact Giles' last international goal was scored against Denmark in December '68. Eire's complete record against the Danes is: P5; W2; D2; L1; F6; A5.

With all five countries out of the running for Argentina the series should commence early next season.

Half-way stage in the BASS League of Ireland

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Bohemians	15	9	5	1	36	14	23
Finn Harps	15	10	1	4	35	20	21
Shamrock Rovers	15	8	5	2	27	14	21
Drogheda United	15	7	6	2	27	14	20
Cork Alberts	15	8	3	4	21	15	19
Waterford	15	7	4	4	23	21	18
Sligo Rovers	15	7	3	5	30	20	17
Limerick	15	6	5	4	22	17	17
Dundalk	15	5	6	4	21	18	16
St Patricks Ath	15	5	5	5	14	15	15
Athlone Town	15	4	4	7	22	25	12
Cork Celtic	15	3	6	6	20	30	12
Shelbourne	15	3	5	7	20	26	11
Home Farm	15	3	2	10	15	32	8
Galway Rovers	15	2	4	9	8	26	8
Thurles Town	15	0	2	13	11	43	2

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SHOOT 1969. To date plus 15 binders £45 and Soccer Star May 69-June 70, £5. Peter Hall (0702) 46629, evenings.

WANTED: Norwich, Sunderland and Manchester United programmes. Please send lists, also wanted a copy of 'Shoot' dated 5th April, 1975. I will pay £1 for this copy. 27 Tills Road, Sprowston, Norwich, NR6 7QR.

TWO PEN PALS REQUIRED ... One from America, living in New York and supports the 'Cosmos' and the other from West Germany who could swap programmes, badges, autographs, pennants and photos. Dean Laws, 1 Clifton Road, Ramsgate, Kent, England.

FOR SALE. "Football Monthly" from Jan. 1968-Aug. 1973, "Football Digest" Sept. 73-May 74, Goal magazine No. 74-No. 291, Best offers. Edmund Szrubarski, 16 Gorbenstrasse, Hamburg 20, W. Germany.

WANTED. Anything to do with Eintracht Frankfurt (pictures, programmes, flags, pennants etc) especially Bernd Holzenbein. Also West German football magazines. Will pay reasonable prices (state how much) or will swop for programmes and other football souvenirs. Chris Blackburn, 10 Wharton Avenue, Thornton, Blackpool, Lancashire, FY5 4DQ.

WANTED. French, Spanish & German football magazines. World Soccer pre-July 75 — state prices. Also programmes. Scottish, non-league, British side v European and International, 3rd and 4th divisions. M. Murphy, Sallycoek, Iona Drive, W.C.R. Limerick, Eire.

BOOK OF FOOTBALL. 53 issues also Esso World Cup coins, 1970, for sale or preferably exchanges for official club badges. E. Timmins, 328 Kylemore Road, Ballyfermot, Dublin 10, Eire.

ARG

ASIA

Winners of Groups I to IV to be known by 31.3.77

OCEANIA

Winner to be known by 31.7.77

Group I	Group II	Group III	Group IV	
Hong Kong	Israel	Iran	Bahrain	Australia
Indonesia	Japan		Kuwait	New Zealand
Malaysia		Saudi Arabia	Qatar	Taiwan
Thailand	Rep. Korea	Syria		
Singapore				
Sri Lanka				

Hong Kong	Rep. Korea	Iran	Kuwait	Australia

1.4 to 31.7.77
Winner ASIA — 1.8 to 30.11.77

Qualified for Argentina

ASIA/OCEANIA
Australia 3, New Zealand 1
Taiwan 0, Australia 3
Australia 2, Taiwan 1
N. Zealand 6, Taiwan 0
N. Zealand 1, Australia 1
Taiwan 0, N. Zealand 6

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Australia	4	3	1	0	9	3	7
New Zealand	4	2	1	1	14	4	5
Taiwan	4	0	0	4	1	17	0

Group 1
Singapore 2, Thailand 0
Indonesia 1, Hong Kong 4
Malaysia 6, Thailand 4
Singapore 2, Hong Kong 2
Indonesia 0, Malaysia 0
Hong Kong 2, Thailand 1
Singapore 1, Malaysia 0
Thailand 3, Indonesia 2
Hong Kong 1, Malaysia 1
Singapore 4, Indonesia 0
Play-off
Singapore 0, Hong Kong 1

Group 2
27. 2.77 Israel 0, Korea Rep. 0
6. 3.77 Israel 2, Japan 0
13. 3.77 Japan 0, Israel 2
20. 3.77 Korea Rep. 3, Israel 1
26. 3.77 Japan 0, Korea Rep. 0
3. 4.77 Korea Rep. 1, Japan 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Korea Rep.	4	2	2	0	4	1	6
Israel	4	2	1	1	5	3	5
Japan	4	0	1	3	0	5	1

Group 3
12.11.76 Saudi Arabia 2, Syria 0
26.11.76 Syria 2, Saudi Arabia 1
7. 1.77 Saudi Arabia 0, Iran 3
26. 1.77 Syria 0, Iran 1
22. 4.77 Iran 2, Saudi Arabia 0
8. 4.77 Iran 2, Syria 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Iran	4	4	0	0	8	0	8
Saudi Arabia	4	1	0	3	3	7	2
Syria	4	1	0	3	2	5	2

Group 4
Bahrain 0, Kuwait 2
Bahrain 0, Qatar 2
Qatar 0, Kuwait 2
Bahrain 1, Kuwait 2
Qatar 0, Bahrain 3
Qatar 1, Kuwait 4
(all matches played in Qatar)

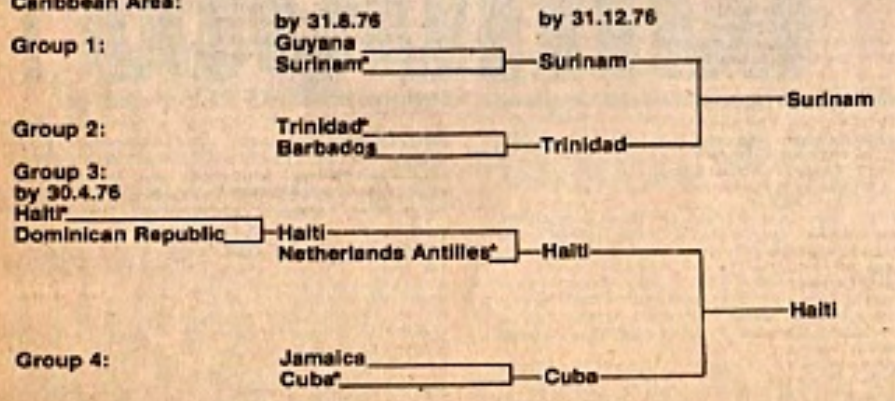
	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Kuwait	4	4	0	0	10	2	8
Qatar	4	1	0	3	3	9	2
Bahrain	4	1	0	3	4	6	2

19. 6.77 Hong Kong 0, Iran 2
26. 6.77 Hong Kong 0, Korea Rep. 1
3. 7.77 Korea Rep. 0, Iran 0
10. 7.77 Australia 3, Hong Kong 0
14. 8.77 Australia 0, Iran 1
27. 8.77 Australia 2 Korea Rep. 1
2.10.77 Hong Kong 1, Kuwait 3
9.10.77 Korea Rep. 1, Kuwait 0
16.10.77 Australia 1, Kuwait 2
23.10.77 Korea Rep. 0, Australia 0
28.10.77 Iran 1, Kuwait 0
30.10.77 Hong Kong 3, Australia 5
6.11.77 Kuwait 2, Korea Rep. 2
13.11.77 Kuwait 4, Hong Kong 0
Iran 3, Hong Kong 0
Iran 1, Australia 0
Iran 2, Korea Rep 2
Kuwait 1, Korea Rep 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Iran	7	5	2	0	10	2	12
Kuwait	7	4	1	2	12	6	9
Korea Rep	6	2	4	2	7	6	8
Australia	7	3	1	3	11	8	7
Hong Kong	7	0	0	7	3	21	0

CONCACAF

Caribbean Area:



Caribbean Area
2. 4.76 Dom. Republic 0, Haiti 3
17. 4.76 Haiti 3, Dom. Republic 0
4. 7.76 Guyana 2, Surinam 0
31. 7.76 N. Antilles 1, Haiti 2
14. 8.76 Haiti 7, N. Antilles 0
15. 8.76 Barbados 2, Trinidad/Tobago 1
15. 8.76 Jamaica 1, Cuba 3
29. 8.76 Cuba 2, Jamaica 0
29. 8.76 Surinam 3, Guana 0
31. 8.76 Trinidad/Tobago 1, Barbados 0
14. 9.76 Trinidad/Tobago 3, Barbados 1
(3rd match in Barbados)

14.11.76 Surinam 1, Trinidad/Tobago 1
28.11.76 Trinidad/Tobago 2, Surinam 2
18.12.76 Surinam 3, Trinidad/Tobago 2
28.11.76 Cuba 1, Haiti 1
11.12.76 Haiti 1, Cuba 1
Play-off Haiti 2, Cuba 0

EUROPE

Group 1
23. 5.76 Cyprus 1, Denmark 5
16.10.76 Portugal 0, Poland 2
27.10.76 Denmark 5, Cyprus 0
31.10.76 Poland 5, Cyprus 0
17.11.76 Portugal 1, Denmark 0
5.12.76 Cyprus 1, Portugal 2
1. 5.77 Denmark 1, Poland 2
15. 5.77 Cyprus 1, Poland 3
21. 9.77 Poland 4, Denmark 1
9.10.77 Denmark 2, Portugal 4
29.10.77 Poland 1, Portugal 1
16.11.77 Portugal 4 Cyprus 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
POLAND	6	5	1	0	17	4	11
Portugal	6	4	1	1	12	6	9
Denmark	6	2	0	4	14	12	4
Cyprus	6	0	0	6	3	24	0

Group 2
13. 6.76 Finland 1, England 4
22. 9.76 Finland 7, Luxembourg 1
13.10.76 England 2, Finland 1
16.10.76 Luxembourg 1, Italy 4
17.11.76 Italy 2, England 0
30. 3.77 England 5, Luxembourg 0
26. 5.77 Luxembourg 0, Finland 1
8. 6.77 Finland 0, Italy 0
12.10.77 Luxembourg 0, England 2
15.10.77 Italy 6, Finland 1
16.11.77 England 2, Italy 0
3.12.77 Italy v Luxembourg

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
England	5	5	0	1	15	4	10
Italy	5	4	0	1	15	4	8
Finland	6	2	0	4	11	15	4
Luxembourg	5	0	0	5	2	19	0

Group 3
31.10.76 Turkey 4, Malta 0
17.11.76 German DR 1, Turkey 1
5.12.76 Malta 0, Austria 1
2. 4.77 Malta 0, German DR 1
17. 4.77 Austria 1, Turkey 0
30. 4.77 Austria 9, Malta 0
24. 9.77 Austria 1, German DR 1
12.10.77 German DR 1, Austria 1
29.10.77 German DR 9, Malta 0
30.10.77 Turkey 0, Austria 1
16.11.77 Turkey 1 German DR 2
27.11.77 Malta 0 Turkey 3

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
AUSTRIA	6	4	2	0	14	2	10
Germany DR	6	3	3	0	15	4	9
Turkey	6	2	1	3	9	5	5
Malta	6	0	0	6	0	27	0

Group 4
5. 9.76 Iceland 0, Belgium 1
8. 9.76 Iceland 0, Netherlands 1
13.10.76 Netherlands 2, Northern Ireland 2
10.11.76 Belgium 2, Northern Ireland 0
26. 3.77 Belgium 0, Netherlands 2
11. 5.77 Iceland 1, Northern Ireland 0
31. 5.77 Netherlands 4, Iceland 1
4. 9.77 Belgium 4, Iceland 0
21. 9.77 Northern Ireland 2, Iceland 0
12.10.77 Northern Ireland 0, Netherlands 1
26.10.77 Netherlands 1, Belgium 0
16.11.77 Northern Ireland 3, Belgium 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
NETHERLANDS	6	5	1	0	11	3	11
Belgium	6	3	0	3	7	6	6
Northern Ireland	6	3	1	3	7	8	5
Iceland	6	1	0	5	2	12	2

Group 5
9.10.76 Bulgaria 2, France 2
17.11.76 France 2, Eire 0
30. 3.77 Eire 1, France 0
1. 6.77 Bulgaria 3, Eire 1
12.10.77 Eire 0, Bulgaria 0
16.11.77 France 3, Bulgaria 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
FRANCE	4	2	1	1	7	4	5
Bulgaria	4	1	2	1	5	6	4
Eire	4	1	1	2	2	4	2

Group 6
16. 6.76 Sweden 2, Norway 0
8. 9.76 Norway 1, Switzerland 0
9.10.76 Switzerland 1, Sweden 2
8. 6.77 Sweden 2, Switzerland 1
7. 9.77 Norway 2, Sweden 1
30.10.77 Switzerland 1, Norway 0

ENTINA '78

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
SWEDEN	4	3	0	1	7	4	6
Norway	4	2	0	2	3	4	4
Switzerland	4	1	0	3	3	5	2

Group 7
13.10.77 Czechoslovakia 2, Scotland 0
17.11.76 Scotland 1, Wales 0
30. 3.77 Wales 3, Czechoslovakia 0
21. 9.77 Scotland 3, Czechoslovakia 1
12.10.77 Wales 0, Scotland 2
16.11.77 Czechoslovakia 1, Wales 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
SCOTLAND	4	3	0	1	6	3	6
Czechoslovakia	4	2	0	2	4	6	4
Wales	4	1	0	3	3	4	2

Group 8
10.10.76 Spain 1, Yugoslavia 0
6. 4.77 Rumania 1, Spain 0
8. 5.77 Yugoslavia 0, Rumania 2
6.10.77 Spain 2, Rumania 0
13.11.77 Rumania 4, Yugoslavia 6
30.11.77 Yugoslavia 0 Spain 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
SPAIN	4	3	0	1	4	1	6
Rumania	4	2	0	2	7	8	4
Yugoslavia	4	1	0	3	6	8	2

Group 9
9.10.76 Greece 1, Hungary 1
24. 4.77 USSR 2, Greece 0
30. 4.77 Hungary 2, USSR 1
10. 5.77 Greece 1, USSR 0
18. 5.77 USSR 3, Hungary 0
25. 5.77 Hungary 3, Greece 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Hungary	4	2	1	1	5	4	5
USSR	4	2	0	2	5	3	4
Greece	4	1	1	2	2	5	3

EURO/SOUTH AMERICA PLAY-OFF
Hungary 6, Bolivia 0
Bolivia 2, Hungary 3

CONCACAF
(extra preliminary matches)
Northern Area
24. 9.76 Canada 1, USA 1
3.10.76 USA 0, Mexico 0
10.10.76 Canada 1, Mexico 0
16.10.76 Mexico 3, USA 0
30.10.76 USA 2, Canada 0
27.10.76 Mexico 0, Canada 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Mexico	4	1	2	1	3	1	4
Canada	4	1	2	1	2	3	4
USA	4	1	2	1	3	4	4

Central Area
4. 4.76 Panama 3, Costa Rica 2
2. 5.76 Panama 1, El Salvador 1
11. 7.76 Costa Rica 3, Panama 0
1. 8.76 El Salvador 4, Panama 1
17. 9.76 Panama 2, Guatemala 4
26. 9.76 Guatemala 7, Panama 0
1.12.76 El Salvador 1, Costa Rica 1
5.12.76 Costa Rica 0, Guatemala 0
8.12.76 Guatemala 3, El Salvador 1
12.12.76 Guatemala 1, Costa Rica 1
17.12.76 Costa Rica 1, El Salvador 1
19.12.76 El Salvador 2, Guatemala 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Guatemala	6	3	2	1	15	6	8
El Salvador	6	2	3	1	10	7	7
Costa Rica	6	1	4	1	8	6	6
Panama	6	1	1	4	7	21	3

Finals
9.10.77 Guatemala 3, Surinam 2
9.10.77 El Salvador 2, Canada 1
9.10.77 Mexico 4, Haiti 1
12.10.77 Canada 2, Surinam 1
12.10.77 Haiti 2, Guatemala 1
12.10.77 Mexico 3, El Salvador 1
16.10.77 Mexico 6, Surinam 1
16.10.77 Canada 2, Guatemala 1
16.10.77 Haiti 1, El Salvador 0
19.10.77 Mexico 2, Guatemala 1
20.10.77 Canada 1, Haiti 1
20.10.77 El Salvador 3, Surinam 2
22.10.77 Mexico 3, Canada 1
23.10.77 Haiti 1, Surinam 0
23.10.77 Guatemala 2, El Salvador 2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
MEXICO	6	5	0	0	20	8	10
Haiti	6	3	1	1	6	6	7
Canada	5	2	1	2	7	8	5
El Salvador	5	2	1	2	6	9	5
Guatemala	5	1	1	3	6	10	3
Surinam	5	0	0	5	6	17	0

AFRICA

Extra Preliminary Time limit: 31.3.76	1st Round Time limit: 31.10.76	2nd Round Time limit: 28.2.77	3rd Round Time limit: 31.7.77	Concluding Matches Time limit: 30.11.77
	1. Algeria / Libya	Algeria	Tunisia	
	2. Morocco / Tunisia	Tunisia		Tunisia
	3. Senegal / Togo	Togo	Guinea	
	4. Ghana / Guinea	Guinea *		
	5. Zaire / Central Africa	Zaire	Nigeria	
Sierra Leone* / Niger	6. Sierra Leone / Nigeria	Nigeria		Nigeria
	7. Congo / Cameroon	Congo	Ivory Coast	
Mauritania / Upper Volta*	8. Upper Volta / Ivory Coast	Ivory Coast		
	9. Egypt / Ethiopia	Egypt	Egypt	
	10. Sudan / Kenya	Kenya *		Egypt
	11. Uganda / Tanzania	Uganda	Zambia	
	12. Zambia / Malawi	Zambia		

(Tanzania, Sudan, Central Africa and Zaire withdrew)

AFRICA
Extra Preliminary Round
7. 3.76 Sierra Leone 5, Niger 1
21. 3.76 Niger 2, Sierra Leone 1
13. 3.76 Upper Volta 1, Mauritania 1
26. 3.76 Mauritania 0, Upper Volta 2

First Round
1. 4.76 Algeria 1, Libya 0
16. 4.76 Libya 0, Algeria 0
5. 5.76 Zambia 4, Malawi 0
30. 5.76 Malawi 0, Zambia 1
4. 9.76 Upper Volta 1, Ivory Coast 1
25. 9.76 Ivory Coast 2, Upper Volta 0
31.10.76 Senegal 1, Togo 1
17.10.76 Togo 1, Senegal 0
10.10.76 Ghana 2, Guinea 1
16.10.76 Sierra Leone 0, Nigeria 0
30.10.76 Nigeria 6, Sierra Leone 2
17.10.76 Congo 2, Cameroon 2
31.10.76 Cameroon 0, Congo 2
Guinea 2, Ghana 1
29.10.76 Egypt 3, Ethiopia 0
14.11.76 Ethiopia 1, Egypt 2
12.12.76 Morocco 1, Tunisia 1
9. 1.77 Tunisia 1, Morocco 1
16. 1.77 Ghana 0, Guinea 2
(play-off)

Second Round
Tunisia 2, Algeria 0
Algeria 1, Tunisia 1
Togo 0, Guinea 2
Guinea 2, Togo 1
Congo 2, Ivory Coast 3
Ivory Coast 3, Congo 1
Kenya 0, Egypt 0
Egypt 1, Kenya 0
Uganda 1, Zambia 0
Zambia 2, Uganda 1

5. 6.77 Guinea 1, Tunisia 0
19. 6.77 Tunisia 3, Guinea 1
24. 7.77 Ivory Coast v Nigeria
10. 7.77 Nigeria 4, Ivory Coast 0
15. 7.77 Egypt 2, Zambia 0
31. 7.77 Zambia 0, Egypt 0

Finals
25. 9.77 Tunisia 0, Nigeria 0
8.10.77 Nigeria 4, Egypt 0
21.10.77 Egypt 3, Nigeria 1
12.11.77 Nigeria 0, Tunisia 1
26.11.77 Egypt 3 Tunisia 2
11.12.77 Tunisia v Egypt

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Egypt	3	2	0	1	6	7	4
Tunisia	3	1	1	1	3	3	3
Nigeria	4	1	1	2	5	4	3

SOUTH AMERICA
Group 1
20. 2.77 Colombia 0, Brazil 0
24. 2.77 Colombia 0, Paraguay 1
6. 3.77 Paraguay 1, Colombia 1
9. 3.77 Brazil 6, Colombia 0
13. 3.77 Paraguay 0, Brazil 1
17/20. 3.77 Brazil 1, Paraguay 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Brazil	4	2	2	0	8	1	6
Paraguay	4	1	2	1	3	3	4
Colombia	4	0	2	2	1	8	2

Group 2
9. 2.77 Venezuela 1, Uruguay 1
27. 2.77 Bolivia 1, Uruguay 0
6. 3.77 Venezuela 1, Bolivia 3
13. 3.77 Bolivia 2, Venezuela 0
17. 3.77 Uruguay 2, Venezuela 0
27. 3.77 Uruguay 2, Bolivia 2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Bolivia	4	3	1	0	8	3	7
Uruguay	4	1	2	1	5	4	4
Venezuela	4	0	1	3	2	8	1

Group 3
20. 2.77 Ecuador 1, Peru 1
27. 2.77 Ecuador 0, Chile 1
6. 3.77 Chile 1, Peru 1
12. 3.77 Peru 4, Ecuador 0
20. 3.77 Chile 3, Ecuador 0
26. 3.77 Peru 2, Chile 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Peru	4	2	2	0	8	2	6
Chile	4	2	1	1	5	3	5
Ecuador	4	0	1	3	1	9	1

LEAGUE TABLES

ARGENTINA: Metropolitan First Division (final)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
River Plate	44	25	13	6	83	45	63
Independiente	44	23	15	6	82	47	61
Velez Sarsfield	44	19	18	7	65	48	56
Colon Santa Fe	44	21	11	12	74	57	53
Boca Juniors	44	22	9	13	67	45	53
Rosario Central	44	19	14	11	60	35	52
Newell's O.B.	44	17	12	15	69	58	46
Huracan	44	14	16	14	56	59	44
Argentinos Jun.	44	14	15	15	61	61	43
Union Santa Fe	44	12	18	14	57	55	42
Est. La Plata	44	13	15	16	48	50	41
Racing Club	44	13	15	16	43	47	41
San Lorenzo	44	14	13	17	43	56	41
Gim. La Plata	44	15	10	19	75	76	40
Atlanta	44	15	10	19	52	65	40
Chacarita Jun.	44	12	16	16	56	62	40
Quilmes	44	12	16	16	51	67	40
All Boys	44	11	17	16	50	67	39
Lanus (x)	44	11	16	17	43	54	38
Platense (x)	44	10	18	16	48	66	38
Temperley	44	13	10	21	56	75	36
FC Oeste	44	5	13	36	50	95	23

(Relegated: FC Oeste, Temperley and Lanus (x) who lost 8-7 on post match penalties in play off for third relegation place against Platense. Promoted: Estudiantes Buenos Aires (1st Division B winners).

CHILE: First Division
(4 games to go)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Union Espanola	30	17	9	4	66	28	43
Everton	30	16	9	5	52	36	41
Palestino	30	15	10	5	56	30	40
Colo Colo	30	13	11	6	48	39	37
Univ. de Chile	29	11	12	6	45	38	34
Lota Schwager	30	11	12	7	42	35	33
Aviacion	30	11	9	10	41	44	31
Audax Italiano	30	10	9	11	42	47	29
Concepcion	30	11	7	12	44	44	29
Green Cross	30	9	11	10	44	55	29
O'Higgins	30	10	9	11	38	39	29
Huachipato	30	8	11	11	35	40	27
Ovalle	30	8	9	13	37	44	25
Univ. Catolica	29	7	10	12	31	43	24
Wanderers	30	7	10	13	45	59	24
San. Morning	30	4	15	11	29	42	23
Nubiense	30	6	11	13	34	41	23
Antofagasta	30	5	6	19	25	55	16

PERU: National Championship

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Alianza Lima	29	13	11	5	59	39	37
Melgar	29	12	13	4	35	27	37
Col. N. Iquitos	29	13	11	5	38	26	37
Sporting Cristal	29	13	9	7	51	28	35
Universitario	29	11	10	8	43	28	32
Sport Boys	29	13	5	11	37	45	31
Cor. Bolognesi	29	11	8	10	32	32	30
Atletico Chalaco	29	9	11	9	42	39	29
Deport. Junin	29	10	8	11	39	49	28
L. de Huanuco	29	10	6	13	35	44	26
Union Huaral	29	8	10	11	41	51	26
Juan Aurich	29	7	11	11	30	36	25
Alfonso Ugarte	29	8	8	13	38	44	24
Defensor Lima	29	8	8	13	45	52	24
Dep. Municipal	29	6	10	13	35	46	22
Cienciano	29	6	9	14	21	36	21

BRAZIL: National Championship
(1st round group leaders)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Bp	Pts
Group A								
Inter. Porto Ale.	8	6	1	1	15	5	4	17
Grem. P. A.	8	5	1	2	18	5	5	16
Group B								
Palm. S. P.	7	5	2	0	12	4	3	15
Santa Cruz	8	4	3	1	15	4	2	13
Group C								
P. P. S. Paulo	8	6	2	1	13	5	3	17
Cor. S. P.	10	5	3	2	13	5	3	16
Group D								
Bot. Rio	8	5	3	0	14	3	4	17
Vasco da G.	8	4	3	1	17	6	4	15
Group E								
Flam. Rio	10	7	1	2	20	6	2	17
Flam. Rio	8	4	3	1	19	5	4	15
Group F								
Atlet. Min.	9	8	1	0	26	8	6	23
Bot. S. P.	7	6	0	1	17	6	2	14

(Bp: Bonus points for winning by more than two-goal margin)

COLOMBIA: "Finalizacion" Championship
(final tables)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Group A							
Deportivo Cali	21	12	5	4	35	18	29
Millionarios	21	9	8	4	30	21	26
Nacional	21	8	8	5	26	23	24
Ind. Santa Fe	21	9	4	8	33	26	22
America de Cali	21	6	9	6	26	25	21
Cristal Caldas	21	6	8	7	35	38	20
Junior Bara.	21	5	8	8	18	25	18
Group B							
Bucaramanga	21	6	10	5	23	21	22
Cucuta	21	6	9	6	21	25	21
Quindio	21	7	6	8	20	25	20
Union Mag.	21	6	8	7	20	25	20
Pereira	21	5	8	8	24	26	18
Medellin	21	4	10	7	27	28	18
Tolima Tapa Roja	21	5	6	10	16	27	16

(Qualified for final championship round: Junior, Millionarios, Cali, Nacional, Santa Fe, Bucaramanga.)

URUGUAY: First Division (at halfway stage, 11 games) 1) Nacional, Defensor 17 pts; 3) Peñarol 16; 4) Danubio 14; 5) Wanderers 13; 6) Rentistas 11; 7) Bella Vista 9; 8) River Plate 8; 9) Huracan Buceo, Cerro, Liverpool 7; 12) Sud America 6.

PARAGUAY: First Division (3 games to go for most). 1) Cerro Porteño (champions) 35 pts; 2) Libertad (2 to play) 30; 3) Olimpia 28; 4) Sportivo Luqueño, Guarani 25; 6) River Plate 21; 7) Rubio Ñu 20; 8) Tembetary 19; 9) Nacional 16.

VENEZUELA: Professional League
(one game to go)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Portuguesa	21	13	7	1	49	14	33
Estud. Merida	21	9	9	3	26	11	27
Dep. Italia	21	11	4	6	26	13	26
Portugues	21	8	10	3	26	17	26
Univ. Merida	21	9	7	5	38	25	25
Valencia	21	9	6	6	29	20	24
Dep. Galicia	21	9	6	6	23	22	24
Barquisimeto	21	6	6	9	20	27	18
San Cristobal	21	7	3	11	29	35	17
Univ. del Oriente	22	4	8	10	21	36	16
Atlet. Zamora	21	2	6	13	13	37	10
Canarias	22	2	4	16	17	60	8

(Top six qualify for final round)

ECUADOR: "Finalizacion" Championship: Group A: 1) Nacional (Quito) 20 pts; 2) Barcelona (Guayaquil) 18; 3) Universidad Catolica (Quito) 17; 4) Dep. Cuenca, Manta 16; 6) Emelec (Guayaquil), Universidad Portoviejo 15; 8) Liga Dep. Universitaria (Quito) 14; 9) Carmen Mora (Mapala) 13; 10) Liga Dep. Universitaria (Cuenca) 6. Group B: (leaders) 1) Tecnico Universitario (Ambato) 22; 2) Deportivo Quito 21; 3) Aucas (Quito) 19; 4) Union Deportiva Valdez (Milagro) 16.

Scene during the vital Boca — River match. Left to right: Mastrangelo (Boca), Veglio (Boca) and Marchetti (10, River) who miss the ball, Perfumo and H. Lopez (River), Pavon (Boca).

HOW THEY QUALIFIED

PART ONE POLAND

May 23, 1976 in Limassol
CYPRUS (1) 1 (Michael)
DENMARK (3) 5 (Simonsen, Tune Hansen, Rasmussen, Bastrup 2)

Cyprus: Constantinou (Stylianou F.), Mernikas, Patikkis, Stylianou (S), Lysandrou, Savva, Michael, Marcou, Kaiafas (Mamilotis), Chanalambous, Kanaris.
Denmark: Benno Larsen; Johnny Hansen, Henning Munk Jensen, Rontved, Tune Hansen, Rasmussen, Olsen, Heino Hansen, Simonsen, Henning Jensen, Bastrup.
Attendance: 10,000

October 16, 1976 in Oporto
PORTUGAL (0) 0
POLAND (0) 2 (Lato 2)

Portugal: Benno; Artur (Monhoss), Rodrigues, Freitas, Pietra, Octavio, Toni (Celso), Alves, Oliveira, Fernandes, Nene.
Poland: Kukla; Rzesny, Zmuda, Rudy, Kasperczak, Masztaler, Szarmach, Lato, Deyna, Maculewicz, Terlecki (Wawrowski).
Attendance: 30,000

October 27, 1976 in Copenhagen
DENMARK (0) 5 (Henning Jensen 2, 1 pen, Nielsen pen, Rontved pen, Kristensen)
CYPRUS (0) 0

Denmark: Benno Larsen; Johnny Hansen, Ahlberg, Henning Munk Jensen, Rontved, Olsen, Bjornmose, Nielsen, Flindt-Berg, Henning Jensen, Kristensen.
Cyprus: Pajajaras; Constantinou, Patikkis, Lilos, Stylianou, Michael, Mamilotis, Marcou, Kaiafas, Savva, Kanaris.
Attendance: 31,000

October 31, 1976 in Warsaw
POLAND (3) 5 (Deyna 2, Terlecki 1 pen, Szarmach, Boniek)
CYPRUS (0) 0

Poland: Kukla; Maculewicz, Zmuda, Masztaler, Kasperczak, Boniek, Sybis, Lubanski, Szarmach, Deyna, Terlecki.
Cyprus: Panajaras; Patikkis, Papaloucas, Lilos, Stylianou, Constantinou, Michael, Savva, Kaiafas, Marcou, Kanaris.
Attendance: 60,000

November 17, 1 in Lisbon
PORTUGAL (0) 1 (Manuel Fernandes)
DENMARK (0) 0

Portugal: Fonseca; Artur, Humberto (Laranjeira), Jose Mendes, Tai, Celso, Nene, Chalana, Vitor Baptista, Alves, Oliveira (Manuel Fernandes).
Denmark: Birger Jensen; Johnny Hansen, Rontved, Henning Munk Jensen, Ahlberg, Bjornmose (Andersen), Heino Hansen, Flindt-Berg (Ulrik), Simonsen, Holmstrom, Kristensen.
Attendance: 35,000

December 5, 1976 in Limassol
CYPRUS (0) 1 (Stavros pen)
PORTUGAL (1) 2 (Chalana, Nene)

Cyprus: Panajaras; Patikkis, Gregory, Pasalkides, Stefanis, Stavros, Stylianou, Marcou, Constantinou, Kaiafas, Mamilotis.
Portugal: Bento; Artur, Laranjeira, Jose Mendes, Inacio, Octavio, Albertino, Francisco, Nene, Manuel Fernandes, Chalana.
Attendance: 10,000

May 1, 1977 in Copenhagen
DENMARK (0) 1 (Simonsen)
POLAND (1) 2 (Lubanski 2)

Denmark: Birger Jensen; Johnny Hansen, Henning Munk Jensen (Lars Larsen), Rontved, Ahlberg, Bjornmose, Heino Hansen, Flint-Berg, Simonsen, Lund, Hoyland.
Poland: Tomaszewski; Druba, Zmuda, Deyna, Masztaler, Kasperczak, Lato, Wieczorek, Lubanski (Boniek), Szarmach, Rude (Boguszewicz).
Attendance: 48,000

May 15, 1977 in Limassol
CYPRUS (1) 1 (Antoniou)
POLAND (2) 3 (Lato, Terlecki, Mazur)

Cyprus: Panajaras; Patikkis, Pastelides, Kalia, Stavros, Stefanis, Antoniou, Gregory, Phyvos (Mavris), Kaiafas (Gavalas), Kanaris.
Poland: Tomaszewski; Wawrowski, Zmuda, Maculewicz (Nawalka), Ludyga, Deyna, Masztaler, Kasperczak, Lato, Tyniecki (Mazur), Szarmach.
Attendance: 12,000

September 21, 1977 in Chorzow
POLAND (2) 4 (Masztaler, Lato, Deyna, Szarmach)
Denmark (0) 1 (Nygaard pen.)

Poland: Tomaszewski; Wawrowski, Zmuda, Mahulewicz, Rudy, Kasperczack, Deyna (Boniek), Masztaler (Nawalka), Lato, Lubanski, Szarmach.
Denmark: Poulsen; Rontved, Mortensen, Henning Munk Jensen, Ahlberg, Andersson (Allan Hansen), Flindt-Berg, Nygaard, Lund, Heino Hansen (Sorensen), Kristensen.
Attendance: 100,000.

October 9, 1977 in Copenhagen
DENMARK (1) 2 (Rontved pen., Allan Hansen)
PORTUGAL (2) 4 (Jordao, Nene, Manuel Fernandez, Octavio)

Denmark: Poulsen; Johnny Hansen, Henning Munk Jensen, Rontved, Mortensen, Heino Hansen, Tune, Nygaard, Lund, Andersen (Allan Hansen), Kristensen.
Portugal: Bento; Humberto, Gabriel, Murca, Laranjeira, Oliveira, Chalana (Rodolfo), Octavio, Alves, Nene (Manuel Fernandes), Jordao.
Attendance: 23,300

October 29, 1977 in Chorzow
POLAND (1) 1 (Deyna)
PORTUGAL (0) 1 (Manuel Fernandes)

Poland: Tomaszewski; Wawrowski, Zmuda, Maculewicza, Rudy, Kaspercczak, Masztaler (Boniek), Deyna (Erich), Nawalka, Lato, Szarmach.
Portugal: Bento; Humberto, Gabriel, Jose Mendes, Laranjeira, Murca, Octavio, Toni, Alves, Manuel Fernandes, Chalana (Seninho).
Attendance: 80,000.

November 16, 1977 in Faro
PORTUGAL (2) 4 (Seninho, Chalana, Vital, Manuel Fernandes).
CYPRUS (0) 0

Portugal: Bento; Artur, Humberto, Laranjeira, Murca (Vital), Pietra (Chico), Toni, Alves, Seninho, Manuel Fernandes, Chalana.
Cyprus: Panajaras, Patikkis, Nicolau, Pantziarras, Kalia, Kolokasis, Savva, Charalambous, Stefanis, Theophanous, Demanou, Kanaris.
Attendance: 10,000

LEAGUE TABLES

WEST GERMANY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Cologne	17	11	1	5	51	28	23
Bo. M'gladbach	17	9	4	4	39	27	22
Kaiserslautern	17	9	3	5	32	28	21
VfB Stuttgart	17	9	2	6	25	20	20
Fort Düsseldorf	17	8	3	6	26	21	19
Hertha BSC	17	7	5	5	24	26	19
Eintr. Frankfurt	17	8	2	7	35	27	18
MSV Duisburg	17	7	4	6	35	28	18
Borussia Dortmund	17	8	2	7	32	32	18
Schalke 04	17	7	4	6	24	35	18
Hamburger SV	17	7	3	7	28	30	17
E. Braunschweig	17	6	1	8	23	25	17
Saarbrücken	17	5	5	7	22	34	15
VfL Bochum	17	5	4	8	18	19	14
Bayern	17	5	4	8	35	40	14
Werder Bremen	17	5	3	9	21	31	13
St. Pauli	17	5	2	10	28	39	12
1860 Munich	17	2	4	11	15	33	8

FRANCE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Nice	19	13	2	4	46	28	28
Marseille	19	12	3	4	36	19	27
Monaco	19	10	5	4	35	22	25
Strasbourg	20	9	7	4	41	22	25
Nantes	19	8	7	4	34	20	23
St-Etienne	19	9	4	6	27	27	22
Sochaux	19	8	4	7	37	30	20
Laval	18	7	6	5	25	25	20
Lens	19	7	5	7	30	34	19
St-Germain	19	6	6	7	36	33	18
Bastia	19	8	2	9	24	26	18
Bordeaux	19	7	4	8	23	31	18
Nancy	18	6	5	7	26	25	17
Lyon	19	7	3	9	32	30	17
Reims	19	5	6	8	19	28	16
Rouen	19	6	2	11	29	43	14
Metz	20	5	4	11	20	39	14
Nimes	19	5	3	11	23	32	13
Valenciennes	19	4	5	10	28	39	13
Troyes	19	4	5	10	20	38	13

SCOTLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Rangers	15	10	3	2	37	18	23
Partick Thistle	15	9	2	4	23	20	20
Dundee United	15	7	4	4	19	9	18
Aberdeen	15	7	4	4	22	15	18
St. Mirren	15	6	3	6	23	22	15
Celtic	14	5	2	6	21	20	14
Motherwell	15	4	4	7	18	19	12
Ayr United	15	4	3	8	15	20	11
Hibernian	15	4	2	9	12	18	10
Clydebank	14	2	3	9	9	29	7

YUGOSLAVIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Partizan	16	12	3	1	29	6	27
Red Star	15	8	4	3	32	16	20
Dinamo	16	7	6	3	26	18	20
Hajduk	16	8	4	4	24	17	20
Sloboda	16	8	2	6	23	20	18
Velez	16	6	6	4	20	14	18
Rijeka	16	6	5	5	19	19	17
Borac	16	6	4	6	25	23	16
Nis	16	5	5	6	12	18	15
Sarajevo	16	5	4	7	18	20	14
Zagreb	15	5	4	6	13	18	14
OFK Belgrade	16	6	2	8	21	28	14
Celik	16	4	6	6	18	28	14
Trograd	16	5	3	8	20	23	13
Osijek	16	4	5	7	13	17	13
Vojvodina	16	6	0	10	21	22	12
Olympija	16	4	4	8	19	25	12
Trepca	16	3	3	10	11	29	9

LEAGUE TABLES continued on page 50

LEAGUE TABLES

TURKEY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Fenerbahce	9	6	2	1	19	8	14
Galatasaray	9	3	5	1	7	5	11
Eskisehirspor	9	4	2	3	12	9	10
Trabzonspor	9	4	2	3	11	8	10
Altay	9	4	2	3	12	13	10
Bursaspor	9	3	3	3	11	8	9
Adana D. Spor	9	3	3	3	10	10	9
Orduspor	8	4	1	3	6	7	9
Diyarbakirspor	9	3	2	4	11	12	8
Boluspor	9	3	2	4	8	9	8
Ankaragücü	9	3	2	4	6	7	8
Mersin I. Y.	9	2	4	3	7	12	8
Besiktas	9	3	1	4	10	11	7
Samsunspor	8	1	5	2	6	8	7
Zonguldakspor	9	3	1	5	11	14	7
Adanaspor	9	2	3	4	8	16	7

CZECHSLOVAKIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Brno	12	8	3	1	33	12	19
Dukla	12	6	3	3	29	15	15
Bohemians	12	6	2	4	16	11	14
Slavia	12	5	4	3	17	16	14
Locomotiva	12	6	1	5	21	16	13
Inter	12	4	5	3	15	11	13
Presov	12	5	2	5	17	15	12
Pizen	12	6	0	6	15	16	12
Teplice	12	2	8	2	9	12	12
Trencin	12	6	0	6	21	29	12
Slovan	12	4	3	5	20	21	11
Sparta	12	4	3	5	12	16	11
Trnava	12	4	2	6	11	15	10
Ostrava	12	4	1	7	11	19	9
Bystrice	12	4	1	7	14	28	9
Zilina	12	3	0	9	16	27	6

LUXEMBOURG

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Jeunesse	9	5	2	1	25	12	14
Grevenmacher	9	4	3	2	13	12	11
Chiers	9	5	1	3	20	13	11
Niedercorn	9	4	2	3	23	17	10
Beggen	9	3	4	2	14	14	10
Red Boys	9	4	2	3	22	15	10
Spora	9	3	3	3	23	16	9
Union	9	3	2	4	13	19	8
Alliance	9	3	1	5	14	22	7
Ettelbruck	9	1	5	3	10	20	7
Rumelange	9	2	2	5	9	21	6
Stade	9	2	1	6	12	24	5

BULGARIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Levski Spartak	13	7	3	3	26	12	17
C.S.K.A.	13	6	1	4	27	17	17
Loc. Sofia	13	6	1	4	17	9	17
Trakia	13	6	4	3	16	10	16
Slavia	13	6	3	4	26	17	15
J.S.K. Spartak	13	5	3	4	13	13	15
Beroe	13	5	2	5	20	16	14
Bourgas	13	5	2	6	18	16	12
Loc. Plovdiv	13	5	2	6	15	21	12
Pirine	13	4	4	5	9	17	12
Cernomoré	13	3	6	4	9	16	12
Botev	13	5	1	7	13	28	11
Marek	13	4	2	7	16	19	10
Silvène	13	4	2	7	15	27	10
Svichtov	13	3	3	7	13	21	9
Akademik	13	3	3	7	16	24	9

USSR

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Dynamo Kiev	30	14	15	1	51	12	43
Dynamo Tbilisi	30	13	13	4	43	26	39
Torpedo Moscow	29	12	12	5	29	22	36
Dynamo Moscow	30	9	17	4	34	20	35
Chakhter	30	9	16	5	32	25	34
Loc. Moscow	30	9	14	7	27	25	32
Odessa	30	11	8	11	33	41	30
Kairat	30	6	17	7	26	31	29
Zaria Voroch.	30	8	12	10	30	25	28
Zenith Leningrad	30	8	12	10	32	32	28
Dniepr	30	9	9	12	24	31	27
Neftchi Baku	30	5	17	8	25	34	27
C.S.K.A. Moscow	30	5	17	8	28	39	27
Karpat. Lviv	30	6	14	10	26	30	26
Ararat Erevan	29	7	12	10	27	33	26
Av. Kouybichev	30	2	7	21	18	59	11

RUMANIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
ASA TG Mures	13	8	3	2	26	12	19
FC Arges	13	6	4	3	22	17	16
Timisoara	13	6	4	3	22	18	16
Sportul	13	8	0	5	18	18	16
Steaua	13	5	5	3	26	14	15
Dinamo	13	6	2	5	19	15	14
Craiova	13	5	4	4	13	11	14
FC Olimpia	13	6	2	5	18	17	14
FC Constanta	13	6	1	6	21	18	13
CS Tirgoviste	13	4	4	5	9	16	12
SC Bacau	13	3	6	4	16	23	12
Iasi	13	4	3	6	15	14	11
Ploesti	13	4	3	6	16	17	11
Petrosani	13	5	1	7	18	20	11
FC Bihor	13	5	1	7	16	23	11
UT Arad	13	3	5	5	15	22	11
FC Corvinul	13	3	4	6	14	22	10
FCM Resita	13	3	2	8	12	21	8

MOROCCO

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
WAC	10	5	5	0	18	7	25
Raja	10	5	5	0	12	5	25
FAR	10	6	0	4	14	9	22
Meknes	10	4	4	2	10	9	22
Sale	10	4	3	3	9	6	21
Fes	10	3	5	2	9	6	21
El Jadida	10	4	3	3	8	9	21
FUS	10	4	2	4	10	8	20
Beni Mellal	10	3	4	3	7	10	20
Kenitra	10	3	4	3	12	14	19
Etoile	10	3	3	5	14	14	18
Mohammedia	10	2	4	4	9	15	18
Cettat	10	1	5	4	4	8	17
TAS	10	3	1	6	15	19	17
Oujda	10	1	5	4	7	12	17
Berkane	10	1	5	4	10	16	17

SPAIN

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Real Madrid	12	10	0	2	32	11	20
Barcelona	12	6	3	3	19	8	15
Salamanca	12	7	1	4	18	14	15
Las Palmas	12	6	3	3	20	17	15
Valencia	12	6	2	4	22	11	14
Elche	12	6	1	5	18	23	13
Athletic Bilbao	12	4	4	4	20	14	12
Rayo Vallecano	12	5	2	5	19	18	12
Sevilla	12	5	2	5	14	19	12
Real Betis	12	3	5	4	13	14	11
Gijon	12	3	5	4	12	13	11
Atletico Madrid	12	5	1	6	18	20	11
Real Sociedad	12	4	2	6	19	15	10
Español Barcelona	12	4	1	7	15	24	9
Burgos	12	3	3	6	11	17	9
Hercules Alicante	12	3	3	6	10	19	9
Santander	12	3	3	6	8	18	9
Cadiz	12	3	3	6	10	23	9

AUSTRIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Austria/WAC	17	11	5	1	36	18	27
SSW Innsbruck	17	9	3	5	25	13	21
Sturm Graz	17	7	4	6	31	31	18
Rapid Wien	17	6	5	6	30	23	17
Wiener SC/Post	17	6	4	7	21	27	16
Linzer ASK	17	5	5	7	22	26	15
VOeEST Linz	17	4	7	6	23	28	15
Grazer AK	17	4	7	6	17	22	15
Vienna	17	6	3	8	16	25	15
Admira/Wacker	17	3	5	9	23	31	11

ENGLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Nottingham For.	18	12	3	3	32	11	27
Everton	18	10	6	2	39	18	26
West Bromwich	18	8	7	3	30	19	23
Liverpool	18	9	5	4	24	13	23
Coventry	18	9	5	4	31	27	23
Arsenal	18	9	4	5	22	14	22
Leeds	18	7	7	4	29	24	21
Norwich	18	7	7	4	19	21	21
Manchester City	18	8	4	6	33	22	20
Ipswich	18	6	7	5	20	20	19
Aston Villa	17	7	4	6	20	19	18
Manchester Utd.	17	7	3	7	24	24	17
Derby	18	6	5	7	24	27	17
Wolverhampton	18	5	6	7	22	24	16
Middlesbrough	18	5	6	7	18	25	16
Birmingham	18	6	3	9	21	28	15
Bristol City	17	4	6	7	21	23	14
Chelsea	18	4	6	8	11	20	14
Queen's PR	18	3	7	8	21	31	13
West Ham	18	2	6	10	19	31	10
Leicester	18	2	5	11	7	32	9
Newcastle	17	3	2	12	20	34	8

SWITZERLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Grasshoppers	17	12	3	2	50	22	27
Lausanne	17	12	1	4	40	14	25
Servette	17	10	4	3	36	18	24
Zürich	17	9	4	4	27	21	22
Basel	17	9	3	5	39	24	21
Sion	17	6	7	4	26	21	19
St. Gallen	17	5	4	8	23	32	14
Chênois	17	6	2	9	19	30	14
Neuchâtel Xamax	17	5	3	9	26	35	13
Etoile-Carouge	17	4	3	10	20	21	11
Young Boys	17	3	5	9	16	36	11
Young Fellows	17	1	1	15	11	47	3

BELGIUM

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
FC Bruges	16	11	2	3	38	25	24
Standard	16	10	3	3	33	20	23
Beveren-Waas	16	9	3	4	24	13	21
Anderlecht	16	8	4	4	28	14	20
Winterslag	16	7	6	3	25	16	20
Beerschot	16	5	9	2	28	22	19
Lierse SK	16	7	4	5	20	17	18
Waregem	16	7	3	6	24	21	17
Antwerp	16	6	4	6	24	19	16
SC Charleroi	16	6	4	6	23	27	16
RWD Molenbeek	16	5	5	6	27	26	15
Lokeren	16	5	3	8	20	19	13
Kortrijk	16	4	5	7	15	22	13
Beringen	16	5	2	9	13	22	12
La Louviere	16	5	1	10	17	32	11
Liege	16	3	5	8	18	27	11
Boom	16	3	4	9	20	28	10
CS Bruges	16	2	5	9	11	28	9

EAST GERMANY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Dynamo Dresden	11	8	2	1	28	12	18
Magdeburg	11	8	1	2	24	8	17
Chemie Halle	11	6	4	2	23	12	14
Berlin Dynamo	11	6	2	3	25	15	14
Lok. Leipzig	11	5	3	3	23	13	13
Union Berlin	11	4	4	3	10	11	12
Carl Zeiss Jena	11	4	3	4	18	17	11
Karl-Marx-Stadt	11	3	5	3	17	18	11
Chemie Bohlen	11	2	4	5	13	16	8
Vorwärts Frankfurt	11	1	6	4	9	15	8
Wismut Aue	11	3	2	6	13	24	8
Sachsenring Zwickau	11	2	4	5	9	23	8
Rot-Weiss Erfurt	11	3	4	6	12	19	7
Wismut Gera	11	1	3	7	13	33	5

HOLLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
PSV Eindhoven	16	13	3	0	43	5	29
Ajax Amsterdam	16	10	3	3	32	19	23
AZ'67 Alkmaar	16	9	4	3	41	16	22
Twente Enschede	16	9	4	3	31	15	22
Feyenoord Rotterd.	16	7	7	2	30	15	21
Sparta Rotterdam	16	7	5	4	24	18	19
Roda JC	16	7	5	4	19	19	19
Vitesse Arnhem	16	6	6	4	22	26	18
NEC Nijmegen	16	7	1	8	21	28	15
Volendam	16	5	4	7	22	24	14
NAC Breda	16	4	6	6	16	20	14
Utrecht	16	4	5	7	24	26	13
Den Haag	16	6	1	9	25	34	13
Haarlem	16	3	6	7	16	26	12
VV Venlo	16	4	4	8	20	32	12
Go Ahead Deventer	16	4	1	11	22	32	9
Amsterdam	16	3	2	11	18	42	8
Telstar Velsen	16	1	3	12	11	41	5

PORTUGAL

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Benfica	10	7	3	0	21	4	17
Sporting	10	7	1	2	32	11	15
Porto	9	6	2	1	20	5	14
Vit. Guimaraes	10	7	0	3	16	9	14
Vit. Setubal	10	6	1	3	13	10	13
Belenenses	10	5	2	3	9	8	12
Braga	10	5	2	3	12	11	12
Espinho	10	4	2	4	13	14	10
Boavista	10	3	3	4	14	15	9
Varzim	10	4	0	6	11	15	8
Estoril	10	2	3	5	9	16	7
Martimo	9	2	2	5	9	20	6
Riopele	10	2	2	6	7	15	6
Academico	10	3	0	7	14	24	6
Farense	10	2	2	6	10	21	6
Portimonense	10	1	1	8	8	20	3

HUNGARY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
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MTK	13	8	4	1	24	11	20
Videoton	13	8	2	3	40	21	18
Vasas	13	8	1	4	28	15	17
Honved	13	8	0	5	25	11	16
Tatabanya	13	6	4	3	20	15	16
Csepel	13	7	0	6	23	21	14
Diosgyor	13	5	4	4	18	16	14
Ferencvaros	13	5	3	5	22	25	13
Pecs	13	4	4	5	14	14	12
Bekescsaba	13	4	4	5	14	23	12
Dunaujvaros	13	3	5	5	19	24	11
Raba	13	3	4	6	16	19	10
Szombethely	13	3	4	6	15	25	10
Zalaegerseg	13	2	5	6	13	27	9
Kaposvar	13	2	4	7	15	27	8
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Drogheda	13	6	5	2	24	12	17
Cork Albert	13	7	3	3	19	13	17
Sligo	13	7	2	4	28	14	16
Limerick	13	4	5	4	17	15	13
Dundalk	13	4	5	4	17	18	13
St Patrick's	13	4	5	4	10	11	13
Cork Celtic	13	3	5	5	20	26	11
Athlone	13	3	4	6	16	21	10
Home Farm	13	3	2	8	13	27	9
Shelbourne	13	1	5	7	14	25	7
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Thurles	13	0	2	11	9	35	2

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